Too Powerful a President? *James MacGregor Burns*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 16, 1968, 40 cents

ITY OF VERMONT

Challenge/Response

The root cause of last summer's city rioting was anti-Negroism among white Americans that finally sparked uncoordinated semi-uprisings in the black ghettoes. That's the finding of President Johnson's riot commission, only two of whose 11 members were Negroes. It runs absolutely contrary to the American Dream and most people's image of themselves. The finding may not be all the truth about our race relations, but it's the hard and ugly nub. There isn't going to be a proper cure until the diagnosis is faced up to. Where most Negroes were once on Southern plantations, now 10 million are in Northern cities. The whites have simply turned the inner cores of the cities into Negro reservations, strictly policed, mostly by whites. Welfare, though inadequate, costs a lot and will cost more, for the bulk of the Negroes are either poor earners or non-earners. Most Negro youths who survive infancy – their chances are much slimmer than whites – grow up stamped either menial or unemployable. Ghetto Negroes are preyed upon ruthlessly by whites. The real estate agents who keep Negroes out of the 96-percent-white

(Continued on page 5)

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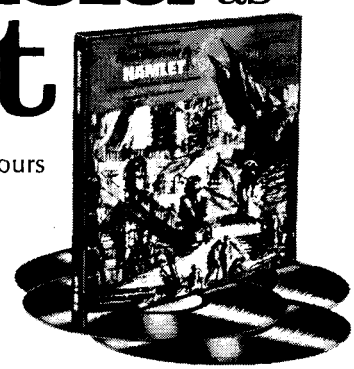

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T.R.B.

from Washington

Rusk to the Stand

★ In the strange, secretive world of Lyndon Johnson the Senate has just finally succeeded in getting Secretary Rusk before it to talk about Vietnam. Ostensibly he is talking about "foreign aid." Newsmen are going to describe it as a "confrontation with Senator Fulbright." Neither statement is right. Mr. Rusk tried to avoid appearing, evidently with the backing of his superior, and when he capitulated the subject of "foreign aid" was interpolated to save his face.

And it isn't Mr. Fulbright who is the interrogator. It is the whole irritated Foreign Relations Committee which ultimately directed Chairman Fulbright to write to the President asking him to "direct" Mr. Rusk to appear. Behind the committee is the Senate. Behind the Senate is the Constitution which tells the upper chamber to advise and consent. The Senate has finally asserted itself. And high time.

We ask you to consider the matter. We had supposed the presidential press conference after 50 years was institutionalized for good. Mr. Johnson has all but dropped it as an avenue of communication with the nation, an avenue over which he not only gave but received information. At the same time the Administration kept Secretary Rusk from being interrogated publicly on Vietnam by the Fulbright committee for two long years, although not hesitating to put Messrs. Rusk and McNamara on nationwide TV. Reporters are hobbled and senators are hobbled at a time when the US is bewildered as rarely before in history.

Just 100 years ago Congress reached the all-time peak of its power and had the President up for impeachment; today, the balance has swung so far the other way that a President can get from Congress the functional equivalent of a declaration of war (in the Tonkin Gulf resolution) with only two dissenting votes, and can stall the Senate off from asking public explanations about the war for two years. We think presidential sovereignty is as bad as congressional sovereignty.

The negotiations that finally put Rusk on the stand were carried on behind the scenes through intermediate plenipotentiaries, William Macomber, assistant secretary of state for congressional relations, and Carl Marcy, secretary of the Senate committee. If Mr. Rusk has as much difficulty negotiating with North Vietnam as he does with the Fulbright committee the war will never end.

Nixon on the War

★ We told you last week that Nixon was going to be the "peace candidate." We are a little startled, however, by the abruptness of his ploy and wonder about its timing. The obvious line for a Republican to take, we suppose, is to attack the handling of the war while blurring his own alternative, if any. Mr. Nixon just says that if elected he will "end the war" period. There are some vague references to applying "leverage" to Soviet Russia. Well, he can get away with this if anybody can, we suppose. But we would have thought he would have held it till later and then announced it in the grand style of General Eisenhower, saying, "I will go to Korea." This way there's going to be a long, long time avoiding explanations.

Mr. Nixon's whole past record is hawkish. We were present that April 1, 1954, when he told 600 editors and guests at the American Society of Newspaper Editors here, "off the record," that he favored sending US troops into Vietnam (Indochina in those days) if the French quit fighting. His public career has been built on anti-communism. In 1963 he opposed selling wheat to Russia. In 1964 he advocated carrying the war into the North. China won't fight, he was saying last September; we should push the war harder.

He opposed even the brief Johnson bombing pauses designed to encourage peace talks. He is a disciple of Dulles and co-author of the policy of intervention in Southeast Asia. Others may see Vietnam as an effort to save democracy in a brave little nation fighting for its life (that's the Johnson-Rusk line on alternate days). Nixon is more forthright: "I begin with the proposition that Vietnam is a question of US security in a strategic part of the world," he said recently, "just as World War II was, just as Korea was. If you believe that, as I do, then you stay with it until you achieve your objective of preventing the loss – through warfare or negotiation – of a vital strategic objective."

No nonsense about that, is there? And no "peace" save by military victory. Which Nixon is running – the dove or the hawk? Silly, both are.

Meanwhile, all this time while Nixon is nudging him, President Johnson, unhappy man, is deciding whether and how much to expand the war. General Wheeler has come back supposedly bringing General Westmoreland's request for 60,000 to 100,000 more troops, a new call-up of reserves, or maybe a compulsory extension of service. This all follows our Tet victory.

Some commentators note the treacherous character of the Viet Cong attack (before our victory). It desecrated a near sacred holiday devoted to peace and mirth. The comparison isn't agreeable, but wasn't there another commander who defied good taste by starting from McKonkey's Ferry at 7 pm Christmas Day, crossing the Delaware, and falling upon Colonel Rall's drunken Hessians, capturing 900? British dispatches at the time, we suppose, said it was all very ungentlemanly.

Note: The riot commission report is magnificent. We'd like to note one thing; it is the fifth time since 1966 that government support to low family incomes (family allowances or negative income tax) has been officially presented. Few ideas have come so far, so fast. The score: National Commission on Technology, 1966, urged "serious study"; Advisory Council on Public Welfare, 1966, proposed a guaranteed minimum income; Mr. Johnson in 1967 set up a two-year study; Commission on Law Enforcement, 1967, recommended "minimum family income"; now the Kerner report.

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Challenge/Response

suburbs are by and large the same smart businessmen who collect high rents in the run-down ghettoes. Negroes get less pay than whites for doing the same work; pay more rent; are charged higher store prices. On top of that, they are more or less continually harassed by white cops who stop and frisk them on the streets, or tramp through their homes. A hundred years or so ago Disraeli remarked that there were two nations in England, the people and the privileged. The riot commission warns that this country is heading for a sheer split between white and black. Disraeli's famous remark and the attention it got may have saved England from revolution. Will the riot commission report save America?

By twelfth grade in school, most Negroes are 3½ years behind white children their age: but *not* when the white and black children are of the same social class. In that case, they're educational equals. However, few Negroes get the chance to level with whites. Harvard Business School's *HarBus News* reported last month that fewer than 10 of HBS's 1,350 students are Negroes; there isn't a Negro on the faculty and only 24 Negroes graduated since World War II (compared with 14,000 whites). Negro graduates of HBS say they earn only half the average salary of their class year. This is anti-Negroism, though few will admit it. Certainly Mr. Nixon will not. He criticizes the report for putting "undue emphasis" on white racism. Once racism *is* admitted, something can be done about it; before then, nothing gets done. That is the chief value of the report. The commission is saying in effect: Don't blame conspirators, outside agitators, Rap Browns, Stokely Carmichaels, communists, Castro, sexual irregularity, drugs, neglect in childhood, hangover of slavery, sloth, dirt, rats. Blame Whitey. It's a harsh judgment, and true.

The burning question now is: will the commission's scores of recommendations be brushed aside or ignored, with consequent fires and explosions in the nation's cities again this summer? Facts compel an ugly conclusion. A person would have to be sanguine indeed to hold out much hope of decisive action in time to avert more city riots. The report was intended as a pistol shot in the ear of the country, to rouse it to urgent needs and real remedies. There was little or no evidence last week that the long and carefully written report was having any such effect. It has become almost a national habit to neglect basics. The commission for instance, pointed out that Detroit, the automobile city that changed the face of the nation and the world, is too cheap to have a proper-sized fire brigade, an omission for which Detroit paid dearly last July. In the country at large, there are signs

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that punitive expeditionary forces not fire brigades are to be the white response to any further rioting in cities.

Negro uppityness is to be crushed, like "pacifying" Vietnam. Profit-hungry weapons manufacturers have got to the country's mayors and police chiefs and have succeeded in scaring the hell out of them, so that they are busy stocking up with automatic rifles, machine guns, tanks and helicopters. At the same time, private citizens are making their own contribution to the dividends of the gunsmiths, by frantic buying of pistols and rifles. The police chief of Philadelphia proposes, it seems, to seize his city's rooftops and transform them into chopper pads, the moment the enemy shows his black head. With masterful restraint, the commission's report says: "We should not attempt to convert our police into combat troops equipped for urban warfare." The frantic arms race now going on in the cities owes most of its inspiration to the belief that last summer the cops and National Guard were frequently sniped at. Just another delusion, apparently. According to the commission, which surveyed 23 cities in 14 of which there were reports of snipers at work, most of the "sniping" turned out to be policemen and National Guardsmen panicking in reaction to one another's fire. That way they killed scores and wounded hundreds.

The commission has suggested methods of controlling people without killing them: bright lights, loud noises, gases, chemicals. But the prime task is penetration of the ghetto, not by undercover cops but by ex-HEW Secretary John W. Gardner's Urban Coalition and like bodies. Once they go in, they have to stay and work with the people, including the black militants. There has to be continuous, day-to-day dialogue. And there has to be active not passive participation by the poorest on welfare: jobless junkie youth, welfare mothers, hard-to-find fathers.

For more long-term pacification, the commission has some main recommendations. It is asking total, and totally enforceable, open occupancy to include single family homes. That's a far cry from the open occupancy the US Senate is currently discussing, which still has loopholes and exemptions, and from the "open housing" that Chicago, for instance, has already, but which somehow never seems to get enforced. The commission wants expanded welfare programs – but only on the way to a thorough overhaul of "welfare" and some kind of national minimum income. The commission calls for a million new jobs for poor Negroes offered by government, and another million by business, in the next three years. That contrasts with President Johnson's proposed 500,000 new jobs by 1971, and with the meager 9,000 jobs found for hard-core unemployed since last June. The commission wants brought within the financial reach of low- and modest-income families no fewer than six million homes in the next five years; 600,000 of them this year. "Highly improbable," says HUD Secretary Robert Weaver, "we've gone about as far as we can go." The commission would achieve its housing goal by means that include expanded rent supplements, and cheap loans (the President's home-ownership plan mentioned a low, one percent rate of interest). The commission would ready more young children for school by enlarged Head Start programs; it would put more and better-paid teachers in ghetto schools, and more Negro policemen on ghetto streets. It would make a minimum degree of integration a condition of federal financial assistance to schools, and would try to force states to give aid to needy dependent children by making such child assistance a condition of states getting federal welfare money. Cautiously declining to put any price tag on such programs, the commission says they will require "unprecedented levels of funding."

Prospects of the Administration or Congress following through are dim. The President seems to have been angered by the commission attempting to rob him of a conspiracy theory he had been cherishing. He celebrated the issuing of the commission's report by behaving like General Eisenhower during the Little Rock school crisis. Ike went golfing that day. So did LBJ last week, in Puerto Rico, first visiting two military bases. The commission said there could be "no higher priority, no higher claim" on the country's resources than the city ghettoes; the President talked about the need to pour on power in Vietnam, remarking briefly that his riot commission's report deserves to be put on a "recommended reading" list.

Congress' reception of the report was no more enthusiastic. Congress it seems is "in no mood" for expanded poverty programs. There's a war on. Appropriations committee's George Mahon (D, Tex.) estimates that fighting poverty as well as the Viet Cong would need a 50 percent or even a 100 percent income tax surcharge. The legislators meantime balk even at Mr. Johnson's requested 10 percent tax surcharge. Congress is no more sympathetic to the commission's specific proposals than it seems to be to the broad thrust of the report. It is conspicuously failing, for instance, to fund programs like Washington, D. C.'s neighborhood development plan for young people. The DC program, if funded, would cost about $1 million a year, but lacking such a program, Washington may this summer face violence costing $1 million a day.

The President's proposal to create half a million jobs is thought by Congress to be too ambitious, far less than the commission's two-million jobs. Little progress is expected from Congress on the housing front. Last session, Wilbur Mills succeeded in getting a ceiling put on the number of children qualifying for welfare assistance. Senators Fred Harris and Robert Kennedy

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are attempting to have this repealed, but their chances are believed poor. Yet the Senate is regarded as much more receptive to social reform than the House. The mayors of the cities that had the worst riots last year all endorse the commission's report. They add, as the commission itself did, that nearly all the money must come from the federal government. The Administration may or may not ask Congress for funds. If it does, Congress will likely insist that each city's riots are a local problem for that city's mayor and police to handle. That's what's called a vicious circle, and it promises a vicious summer.

The Question of Transplants

Just after the world's first heart transplants the Gallup Poll asked: "Would you be willing to have your heart or other vital organs donated to medical science upon your death?" Seven out of 10 said yes. To the medical and legal professions, however, the question is not that easily answered. The American College of Cardiology, meeting in San Francisco February 28, found itself unable to align traditional ethics of medical practice with the new technology of human transplants. Its president, Dr. William Likoff, noted that such questions no longer are the private concern of the individual doctor alone. A fuller exploration of the subject is scheduled for March 23 in Bethesda, Md., where medical men will confer with clergymen and lawyers.

The need for access as soon as possible to donors' organs dictates a reconsideration of the medical definition of death. The heartbeat has long been considered decisive; thus the survival of "human vegetables," so-called because so many of their brain-directed functions had ceased. This criterion may be replaced by that of brain waves, if there is sufficient accord on the accuracy of the electroencephalograms to measure them. Even then, the question will be how lengthy a cessation of brain waves is decisive; the French National Academy of Medicine proposed two years ago that a person be considered dead when his EEG has reflected no brain activity for 48 hours.

From the legal standpoint, there is the perplexing problem of consent. Some say that interest in preserving life is so great, no one has a posthumous right to remain intact if one of his vital organs can prolong another's life. But this view will not soon prevail. The law must ask, therefore, whose consent must be required, and under what circumstances. For example, does the prospective donor have the sole right to prescribe the disposition of his last remains; or do his survivors have a share in this decision and, if so, which ones? Can the decision of one who is awaiting death, either his own or that of a close relative, ever meet the law's avowed standard of "voluntary and informed" consent? In some circumstances the law has found "implied consent" in the absence of an expression of nonconsent. Could such an interpretation govern the sensitive matter of organ retrieval, or is a stricter standard necessary?

Professional concern has been intensified by the knowledge that such questions are beginning to interest legislators throughout the country. (In California alone, four measures have been introduced so far in the current session of the legislature.) But state action may not suffice, as a recent dispute makes clear. In a tavern in Connecticut, a man had been shot in the brain. His wife agreed that upon his death his heart could be transplanted. Two prospective recipients were waiting in New York. The Connecticut coroner refused to let the body leave the state before death, lest he not be able to retrieve it for an examination that would support altering criminal charges against the patient's assailant from assault to homicide. Then the patient's sister and mother stepped in and opposed the transplant, so the case ended inconclusively.

Bills have been introduced in Congress to create a National Commission on Transplants and Artificial Organs. Its very name may be viewed as a response to concern that the dramatic spotlight that has been thrown on transplants may divert federal support from research on artificial substitute organs, much as the glamor of Sputnik I threatened to deflect funds from research on other projects, such as a nuclear submarine.

The publicity about transplanting human organs (rather than substituting artificial organs) raises sharply a variety of ethical and economic conundrums. Should one who is willing to relinquish his heart after death be able to auction it off to the highest bidder? How will the survivors of a willing donor know that his death was not premature? British hospitals specify that no physician who is to be involved in transplanting an organ may also be in attendance on a would-be donor, to avoid any possible conflict of interest.

With human donors the problems of allocation become acute. If there is not to be an open market, or worse, a black market, on organs, how are the decisions to be made? The methods by which access to the artificial kidney machines are at present determined have been widely criticized, yet there is little agreement on a better alternative. The human kidney, as a paired organ, has usually been transplanted from one living

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blood relative to another, and the donor has been selected from among volunteers on the basis of compatibility with a specific recipient. Skin grafts are made from one's own body or that of a twin. Blood transfusions can be made only between certain blood groups. The situation is different when a vital and unpaired organ is involved.

By being forced to grapple with the nature of death and the nature of consent and related ethical problems, law and medicine, long at odds, may lay the groundwork for a concerted attack on the foreseeable challenges of technology that are less pressing but equally basic: problems of human experimentation, genetics and eugenics, in sum, the humane use of human beings.

RUTH K. FRANKLIN

Britain's Full Up

London

The affair of the Kenya Asians has brought Britain's racism out into the open and enshrined it in law. The government's swift endorsement of an extremist scare campaign, and the subsequent acquiescence of a breast-beating Parliament marks a break with the past that an ocean of crocodile tears cannot wash over. Political afficionados marvel that 62 members of the Commons and 85 Peers managed to come out with a firm no.

The deed is now done. The British passports held by Kenya Asians were offered in 1963 against the day when Black Kenyans would discriminate. Perhaps the Conservative government of the time had the 30,000 white settlers of Kenya more in mind, but the inclusion of the Asians within the same provision was never in doubt. Now discrimination in Kenya is on the move, and Parliament has deliberately decided to devalue the British passport. The yearly quota for Kenya Asians will be some 1,500 heads of families, who with dependents may total 7,000 people.

Immigration lends itself to maritime metaphor. Whites may come and go, but immigrants, black, and brown, "flood in," "come in waves," and the waves are sometimes "tidal." The damage done to whitey's psyche by this puffed-up prose must be considerable. It perhaps explains why the government twitched into action without any clear idea of the numbers of Asians who *could* come in, or the number who might *want* to come in, still less of the numbers who in the jargon might be "assimilable." The questions are still unanswered, but the informed guesses are that out of a top limit of some 160,000, between 60,000 and 100,000 might want to come but not necessarily all at once, and that 25,000 a year could be settled and found homes and work without undue increase in racial tension. The figures add up to no crisis. But a crisis is what the government succeeded in creating. In the last-minute flood (genuine) to beat the blockade some 12,000 Asians struggled out of Nairobi airport and into Britain. They have come ill-prepared, not knowing where to go or what to do. They "don't belong." But if they don't like it here, the chances of going back to Kenya or going anywhere else recede daily. Kenyatta's government is toughening up on reentry; the Indians have announced that it is not their problem but Britain's.

The crowning irony for the government is that although the quota is now in force, if Kenya gets really tough toward its Asians then Britain has to take them, quota or no. The new bill does not and cannot release Britain from her obligation to take Asians rendered stateless, or even, on Home Secretary Callaghan's admission, jobless. So at the end of the day the government has a bill which in a real crisis, when all the Kenya Asians are driven into the arms of Britain at one and the same time, is ineffective, and which, in more normal times when the annual going rate for Asian immigrants from Kenya has been averaging around 7,000 anyway, is simply pointless. In a strict sense it is the Kenyan government not the British that will regulate the number of Asians that come into Britain. For the government with the blessing of the opposition to spit on the British passport, and on the Asians too, purely to pretend to the racialist lobby that a situation which it cannot control *is* in control indicates how deep the political fear of being tagged the immigrant's friend has now become. Britain is far from flush with skilled labor, which is what the Asians from Kenya are. Economic sense argues, therefore, for discrimination in favor of them, not against.

Home Secretaries in Britain traditionally have a hard time, but Callaghan's decline in public and parliamentary esteem since he took up the post has been unusually swift. There is now little doubt that he is not the man to weigh the claims of liberty and justice against order. In opposition he was for many years adviser to the Police Federation. His affection for the police has already led him seriously astray. In praising their work he tagged two men not yet charged, let alone convicted, with murder, and only the generosity of the opposition got him off that hook. During the immigration debates he held out long and churlishly against an appeals system for immigrants whose entry is disputed. Such a system had been recommended by a government-sponsored committee. It was conceded grudgingly, although it will cost a mere half-a-million pounds ($1.8 million).

The concession soothed some critics. So did the promise that all would be well when the bill to hit racial discrimination in housing and employment see the light of day. But the signs are that this bill when it comes will be mild as spring.

BRIAN WENHAM

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Massachusetts for McCarthy

Boston

Even before the President backed away from a confrontation in the Massachusetts presidential primary on April 30, Sen. Eugene McCarthy looked good. He has had an experienced, spirited and expanding band of organizers, who have already scored 40 percent votes for antiwar referenda in Cambridge and Concord. There was no organizational support for President Johnson. And a strong tradition of public neglect of the state's spring primary, which until this year was never binding on convention delegates, was working for McCarthy. In the April primary of 1964 there was an unusually heavy turnout of 212,000 Democrats – barely a fifth of the party registration, less than eight percent of the state's registered voters. Steve Moulton, the field director of the McCarthy campaign here, had said that Johnson could be beat "if we can get our people out and keep the overall turnout down."

It has been made perfectly clear how McCarthy means to present himself to the voters. He is playing the political hatrack in what he keeps describing as a "referendum" rather than a campaign, an electoral device that will permit an intraparty test of support for Johnson's policies – especially the war in Vietnam.

McCarthy's first half day of public campaigning in the state the last week of February was a tribute to his organization here and eye-opening evidence of the hunger for a Democratic alternative to Johnson. Arriving in mid-afternoon, McCarthy drew a turnaway crowd of more than 1,500 housewives at a health club in Newton, a comfortable Boston suburb. In the Massachusetts hinterlands later in the day, McCarthy won endorsement from Mayor Joseph C. Casdin of Worcester, the state's second largest city. And in the evening he was mobbed again – this time by students from five Worcester colleges – on the campus of Holy Cross College.

The first impression of the candidate in person contradicts what has been printed about his lack of charisma. Despite the drab suit and dark tie, he immediately evokes the best Kennedy tradition: distinctively Irish good looks, youthful wisdom, eloquence, introspective wit, a challenge to complacent consciences – perhaps a little too much restraint. But he is thoroughly likable and, above all, he manages to appear in these parts like a familiar and congenial local type who could still become "one of our own" against the Texan. The response from the Newton ladies was revealing: these gals are not jumpers and squealers, but they were nonetheless dazzled. McCarthy was followed around the auditorium by a buzz of blushing comments.

One young veteran of the unsuccessful past efforts watched the McCarthy reception incredulously: "This is fantastic," she bubbled. "In other peace campaigns we've had to beg for votes – and ask our friends to vote with us *despite* the candidate. It's so different to be working for a winner." Her friend and co-worker at the Newton McCarthy headquarters, cautioned, "Maybe not a winner, Harriet, but a real candidate anyway."

In Worcester, too, McCarthy was greeted by massive enthusiasm as well as by an extremely effective staff of local organizers. At Holy Cross, a bastion of old-fashioned Catholicism, close to 2,000 students filled the largest available hall and every nearby corridor and gave McCarthy a long ovation even before he had spoken a word.

McCarthy barely fulfills – much less improves on – his first impression. Both in Newton and in Worcester, he gave his audiences very little to applaud and nothing to act on. He has his moments: at Holy Cross he got a roar of approval for a clever Catholic joke. "The sad thing about the Vatican Council," he said, "is that everything the Church gave up the Pentagon has taken over – persecution of heresy, the idea of holy wars, grace of office, even infallibility. I warned that the final danger signal would come when our government started speaking Latin. And now some of them are talking about Pax Americana." This was one of the few lines that provoked McCarthy's audiences to interrupt him.

Neither in Newton nor Worcester did he mention Lyndon Johnson, refer to himself as a presidential candidate, or even allude to the fact that he will be on the Massachusetts ballot. In Newton he ended his speech to the ladies saying, "I am not here to ask for your support. This is not my cause. I am glad simply to be here with you." Visiting Cambridge City Hall, he received a book about the city in the mayor's office and commented, "I suppose after the campaign I can always make a living selling these books and keys to the city that I've picked up."

Recent developments in Saigon and Hue, McCarthy said in Newton, have proved all his misgivings about the war. But these same events seem to have cooled McCarthy's drive instead of giving it new urgency. "One is almost embarrassed now," he said wistfully, "to be the messenger of such bad news. The situation is so obvious: the optimism of the military men was unfounded, pacification is not working, political stability is further away than ever. It's distressing that the situation had to deteriorate so far before the country woke up."

This unexciting strategy sacrifices advantages that a personal campaign has over a war referendum. Richard N. Goodwin, the Kennedys' political handyman who is

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now writing speeches for McCarthy's New Hampshire campaign, observes that it is probably impossible to hope for a majority vote simply against the war: "The winning issue is not the war but Johnson's conduct of the war." When it was still thought that either LBJ or his designee would be on the primary ballot, Goodwin was insisting that, "if McCarthy made the quality of national leadership the issue in the Massachusetts campaign, he could win 70 percent of the vote."

Goodwin's search for a role will be a revealing test of the McCarthy campaign. Just before his most recent Massachusetts swing, McCarthy delivered a Goodwin speech in Manchester, New Hampshire, that did make Johnson the issue. "The choice is up to you," McCarthy said, using the Goodwin text. "If you think the war is being well and skillfully conducted, then you are right to vote for the President. If you think we need a fresh start, then I ask for your support – not to sell out American interests, but to protect and strengthen them through the honorable resolution at the conference table which Americans so deeply desire."

No sooner had the Boston papers announced the sharper tone of the campaign than the candidate, in Nashua, N.H., disregarded another Goodwin text that had already been released to the press, and reverted to his stock address. When he arrived in Boston, McCarthy said that he planned no "escalation of emotion" in his campaign and suggested that he would compose his own speeches henceforth. "I've always liked to rely pretty much on my own prose," he said.

Sen. Edward M. Kennedy's revised position on Vietnam has made Massachusetts a more hospitable setting for the McCarthy candidacy, and though Kennedy will not help McCarthy directly, his repeated refusal to stand in for Johnson contributed heavily to the President's decision not to risk battle. Since returning from Vietnam in January, Ted Kennedy has popularized his dismay at the corruption of the South Vietnamese government: "They are truly colonialists in their own nation." But Kennedy never mentions the American role in this colonialism. The villain of his speeches is the administration in Saigon, not the Administration in Washington. While he has said he supports President Johnson's renomination, he firmly declined the invitation to lead a pro-Johnson delegation in the Massachusetts primary. When the state Democrats picked their slate of delegates to the national convention, Kennedy fought just hard enough to save Dick Goodwin from an attempted White House purge – but not hard enough to get John Kenneth Galbraith and a representative sampling of McCarthy supporters on the ticket. Having made his gesture of independence, Kennedy will apparently now ignore the primary altogether, though, unlike Speaker John McCormack and Postmaster General Larry O'Brien, he will remain on the official delegation that goes to Chicago.

The McCarthy organization here is a fresh combination of many different strands. Dick Goodwin came over to McCarthy on his own after failing to persuade Robert Kennedy to run. Steve Moulton, who worked for John Kennedy in 1960, served for a time as an assistant US attorney and played a small role in the unsuccessful gubernatorial campaign of Kenneth P. O'Donnell, the former White House appointments secretary, in 1966. Paul G. Counihan, the campaign manager of record, is a Cambridge lawyer and political maverick who was primarily identified heretofore with former Governor Endicott Peabody. Jerome Grossman, who first persuaded McCarthy to come to Massachusetts, is the president of the Massachusetts Envelope Co. and the mainspring of Massachusetts PAX, which sponsored the Hughes and Adams campaigns in 1962 and 1966. Caroline Carr, who manages the McCarthy headquarters in Boston, is the young wife of an MIT architecture student and was the director of the peace forces in the Cambridge referendum. Arnold Hiatt, in charge of fund raising, is the executive vice president of the Green Shoe Company and a newcomer to politics. John J. Fitzgerald of Holyoke, running as a pledged McCarthy delegate against the "regular" unpledged slate, is a wounded Vietnam veteran. Students have flocked to join the campaign as foot soldiers.

To a striking degree the conventional political powers in Massachusetts have been uninvolved. It is an indifference born partly of cynical insight into President Johnson's final control of the nominating convention, no matter what happens in the primaries. It also reflects the fact that there are no major elections for state office in Massachusetts this year, and there is little reason for Democrats to be exercising themselves. With neither the President nor any stand-in calling for their help, this apathy is compounded. The seven Democrats in Massachusetts' notoriously stable congressional delegation are apparently never worried about reelection. The entire state legislature is up for reelection in 1968, but the Democratic legislative leaders (unlike Jesse Unruh in California) don't seem to feel that presidential politics have any impact on their fortunes.

Yet the same factors that made the presidential primary uninteresting and unfamiliar to the Massachusetts professionals made it susceptible to a McCarthy blitz. White House strategists were not unaware of this. They took the appropriate evasive action. And now, wonder of wonders, all of Massachusetts' 72 first-ballot convention votes will almost certainly go to Eugene McCarthy. CHRISTOPHER LYDON

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LSD Crackdown

by David Sanford

LSD does not present the thorny ambiguities of marijuana. All the certified experts think LSD is dangerous and have managed to bring around some confirmed acidheads to their view. There are too many stories of suicides, freakouts, sunblindings, genetic damage, deformed babies and other horrors for anyone sensible to take a chance with it. Largely because of the publicity that attends these stories, the use of LSD is dramatically declining. Since "education" seems to be working, it is an odd moment to enact new laws to crack down on LSD, replacing the slavery of drug abuse with several years at hard labor in jail.

But the war on illicit drugs has its own emotional momentum, and the President here, too, chooses to escalate. The Administration has written a bill that could be used to send an 18-year-old boy to prison for 10 years (and fine him $15,000) for *giving* his 20-year-old college roommate a single pep pill or LSD capsule. The bill could pin a criminal label on between 60,000 and 900,000 college students who have tried LSD, not to mention every anxious suburban matron who has given a phenobarbital to a friend.

Blessed (reluctantly) by FDA Commissioner James Goddard and endorsed enthusiastically by Narcotics Bureau Commissioner Henry Giordano, the proposed legislation would for the first time make possession of LSD and unprescribed depressants and stimulants a misdemeanor; it would make sale or the gift of such drugs a felony. Its alleged purpose is to get at the big manufacturers and suppliers of illicit drugs. But it does far more than that.

For example, the four-page bill abandons the old concept of sale, replacing it with language that would treat just as harshly any exchange of drugs. It includes in its broad coverage amphetamines and barbiturates – drugs with legitimate medical uses and which are practically as prevalent in this drug-oriented society as aspirin and Alka-Seltzer (14,814,000 dosage units of depressants and more than 16 million stimulants were legally sold in the US in 1967). It flies in the face of every Administration contention that traffickers are the main target of federal drug actions, by penalizing users (a year's imprisonment for a first offense; three years for a second). Its penalties could put many young people out of action for much of their adult lives (a second offense gift to a minor, even by another minor, carries a maximum 15-year prison term and $20,000 fine, which a Senate witness pointed out last week is more severe than the penalties in some states for second degree murder).

The reluctance of politicians to appear pro-drug makes the prospects for passage bright. A House commerce subcommittee has completed several days of hearings on the bill. Only one member, Rep. Tim Lee Carter, expressed any reservations. Senator Thomas Dodd's juvenile delinquency subcommittee held fact-finding hearings last week. On the second day Dodd found himself the only member in attendance, speaking alone to three TV cameras and a Boo Hoo or two who turned out to see what was going on. (Hearings before a Senate labor and public welfare subcommittee are pending.) If the President's own bill does not fare well, there are 17 others – all equally odious – in the House that can be considered. Five deal with hallucinogens, barbiturates and amphetamines; twelve are limited to hallucinogens. All are similar to the Administration measure but vary according to whether possession is defined as a felony or misdemeanor. Nine of them would not increase federal penalties for manufacture or sale but would introduce penalties for possession. Seven would be less hard on pushers but would define possession as a felony. One sets different penalties for sale than for manufacture. Each in its own way is unsatisfactory.

Although 25 states have stringent anti-LSD laws of their own (patterned after a model law promoted in 1964 by FDA), an equal number of states can prosecute drug abusers only under existing federal law, which doesn't now penalize possession and carries a maximum penalty for sale of one year. A change in federal law would have sweeping effect on how states deal with drug abuse.

Ironically, the inconsistency of present drug laws was brought up in the first place by advocates of reducing or eliminating penalties for marijuana, which falls under the already stringent narcotics laws. Over the past several years the use of pot has increased spectacularly, as have enforcement activity, the number of convictions and the length of terms fixed by the courts. According to Commissioner Giordano, 6,444 pounds of marijuana were seized at borders or within the country in 1963, and some 23,716 pounds in 1966. The figures for 1967 are not in but customs agents report that their seizures have doubled. The states made 6,800 arrests in 1963 as compared with 23,952 in 1966. Stepped up enforcement of the marijuana laws hasn't

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been a deterrent; indeed it may have had an opposite effect on rebellious adolescents. Dr. Goddard said last fall that he didn't "think we should make felons of our college students" and came out forthrightly for reducing the marijuana penalties so that they would be more in line with those for LSD. Whatever logic that had has been lost in attempts to make the laws consistent by *adding* to the penalties for LSD.

The Senate last year ratified, without a dissenting vote, the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs, an international treaty banning marijuana throughout much of the world. Hearings were held without publicity; no witnesses were invited to appear in opposition. It remains to be seen whether the Narcotics Bureau will have the same success in railroading through the LSD bill. No doubt it will call the attention of Congress to last month's findings by pollster Louis Harris: 84 percent of parents interviewed expressed their abhorrence of drugs and said they would forbid, if that's possible, their children from experimenting with LSD.

The academic community shows signs of getting interested in the proposed legislation, although it is too early to be sure. Increasing police powers will make narcotics raids on campuses more frequent than they are now; Stonybrook may be a regular thing. The American Council on Education, an organization predominantly of college and university presidents, is pondering its position. But as of last week, two members of its commission on legislation with whom I spoke were not even aware a bill is pending, nor were they alarmed by the potential of the law once it had been explained to them. President Joseph Smiley of the University of Colorado, for instance, has faith that law enforcement authorities will not avail themselves of the provision to bust a student passing a pill to a friend. The American Association of University Professors is considering a stand against the bill, but it may not get around to announcing it until it is too late. Only the National Student Association, through Charles Hollander, its director of drug studies, has raised serious questions about the president's drug war.

Dr. Goddard is in the uncomfortable position of personally opposing penalties for possession but having, in his official capacity, to favor the Administration bill. His personal views are not even in agreement with those of his own drug abuse staff. He has spun out the most elaborate circumlocutions by which to justify his belief that punishment is no deterrent, while favoring a bill supported by the Narcotics Bureau which believes punishment *is* a deterrent. Senator Dodd inquired of Goddard, "Don't you think a youngster who knows he was going to be hauled into court would be somewhat more reluctant to buy . . . a drug than one who felt he wouldn't be punished?" "Maybe somewhat," said Goddard, "but, Senator, I only have to point to the marijuana experience in this country to say that this does not seem to be the case." Goddard as physician does not even favor punishing possessors of heroin, but would instead emphasize medical treatment. Does this mean he would favor removing penalties for heroin possession (or oppose new ones for LSD)? "That," he said, "is not my field of expertise."

Commissioner Giordano of the Narcotics Bureau is delighted with the turn of events. He acknowledges statistics showing increased use of marijuana despite the bureau's punitive policy, and insists in the next breath that punishment serves as a deterrent. He is confident that the proposed penalties for LSD would discourage experimentation, and then asserts that the new law would not be applied to the little fish. "There has been some criticism of this penalty structure," he told the delinquency subcommittee last week, "particularly with regard to . . . possession. Some persons feel that this sentence is unduly harsh as applied to mere users of marijuana and youthful experimenters. However, this is not the manner in which the law is applied. Our thrust is aimed at the trafficking element. . . . At present, unlawful sale [of LSD] is usually a misdemeanor and possession may carry no penalty at all. As a consequence, the sentences which have been meted out to traffickers and manufacturers are of no deterrent value. . . . We frequently apprehend violators in possession of large quantities of marijuana, clearly destined for the market. If there were no possession penalties, these persons would escape justice." It did not seem to the committee that the Commissioner had made a confession of ineptitude, yet that's what it was: If you can't catch pushers pushing, then get them on another rap. Nor did the committee probe the Commissioner's personal assurance that he would not use the possession law to hang anyone but the big guys.

The most eloquent testimony Congress has heard so far came from Dr. Helen H. Nowlis, director of the National Association of Student Personnel Administrators' FDA-funded drug education project. She was concerned that although the percentage of college drug users is relatively small, many thousands of students (60,000 if you accept her estimate that no more than one percent of college students have tried LSD) would be stigmatized as criminals under the proposed law. "I wish every one of you," she told Dodd, "had to face thoughtful young people . . . who ask you to justify such penalties, and at the same time explain why a bill regulating . . . the mail order sale of guns, which do kill and maim more people . . . than all drugs put together, cannot get to first base; or to explain why alcohol, which ruins the lives of countless millions and has been associated with many crimes of violence, is widely advertised and promoted and freely available."

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Supersonic Scandal

by George Lardner Jr.

Congress has already appropriated more than $653-million for that glittering superjet called the SST. In his January budget asking for more, President Johnson said that "firm plans for construction" of two prototypes had been made last spring. Yet on February 22, the Boeing Company, which is building the supersonic transport, admitted that it did not yet have a design that it considered "safe, successful and profitable." Its engineers are still at the drawing boards. Flight tests will be delayed until at least 1972.

For the SST, it is a politically fortuitous slowdown, in tune with its charmed life. The controversial project has been insulated by powerful congressional support, but the steadily rising costs of the war and inflation are making federal spending on an airliner for the jet set more incongruous than ever. Despite this, LBJ had asked even more than last season for the SST – $223-million. The slowdown permits the Administration to scale down to a level calculated to arouse less opposition. Closed hearings will begin shortly before a House appropriations subcommittee, but if the past is prologue, the SST will fly through again. It can easily weather a show of frugality. Congress has been serving up cash for it faster than it can be spent. The SST has shown a remarkable ability to overcome the speed of any critical sound.

Sen. William Proxmire (D, Wis.) can rise on the Senate floor to denounce the SST as a "supersonic snow job," and find himself speaking to a quickly emptied chamber. Objections that once flowed from officials in the Treasury Department, Budget Bureau and Department of Defense have been hushed by implicit presidential decree. Government-commissioned reports full of embarrassing details have been suppressed for months, and then released in Washington in voluminous confusion while the aviation and space writers of the country were off in Las Vegas drinking in counterclaims by the Federal Aviation Administration that grabbed the headlines. On Capitol Hill, the SST can mount a stable of instant lobbyists that includes Eugene Black, former president of the World Bank, several one-time FAA administrators, and even ex-CIA director John McCone.

Powered by General Electric and built by the Boeing Company, the sleek titanium superliner will slice through the skies before long at 1,800 miles an hour, carrying passengers from New York to Paris in 2½ hours, from San Francisco to Honolulu in 25 minutes less. "An outstanding example of creative partnership between your government and American industry," President Johnson called the arrangement last April when he ordered construction of two needle-nosed SST prototypes. The White House decision had been delayed for months, partly because of haggling over the financing, but also to foster forgetfulness of the budget cuts the Administration had imposed on the poverty program that winter. The SST is not for poor folks. The chairman of the President's 1964 task force on transportation had written him to protest that the program was "thoroughly inappropriate, inegalitarian . . . and inconsistent with the Great Society." But the Johnsonian sense of priorities in times of war and inflation was unmoved.

The FAA lost no time in formally committing the government to the program. It signed contracts with Boeing and GE May 1, the first work day after the presidential announcement. At the contract signing in the FAA building on Independence Avenue, FAA Administrator William F. McKee turned to representatives of Boeing and GE, and told them sternly: "If you don't do a helluva job, you stand to lose a helluva lot of money." McKee pronounced the agreements with the government "the toughest . . . ever written." Nonsense. Under the contract with Boeing, the government may never get its money back. As a long-buried Treasury Department report points out, the SST program is like "a wildcat oil-drilling venture." The profits could be spectacular, but it is more likely that the investors (taxpayers) will wind up losing their shirts. It is a fine example of socialism American-style: government ownership of the means of production for the benefit of private enterprise. Rushing in where Wall Street supposedly fears to tread, the government has already committed $1.3 billion to put the two prototypes in the air. Of this, an obliging Congress has appropriated more than half.

The entire SST program is expected to cost at least $4.5 billion before the first plane is sold. Buried in the FAA's financial feasibility report is the caveat that "the government may be required to act as a guarantor of or to provide any additional funds needed by the airframe manufacturer [Boeing]."

The FAA's own financial consultants – Booz, Allen &

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Hamilton – concluded, in a largely ignored report they put out, that the government may have to double the $1.3 billion promised so far. And still it might flop.

Enter Maj. Gen. Jewell C. Maxwell (USAF), gruff, square-jawed director of the FAA's supersonic transport development program. "If you can prove something is an outstanding success," he says, "you're too late. We've got to compete, to invest in our own future. We're in a preeminent position and enjoying the hell out of it." The "we" who are preeminent refers to the US aviation industry and its position in the world market. It is not unusual for officials of regulatory agencies to slip into the editorial "we" for those they regulate. As Federal Communications Commissioner Lee Loevinger once said: "The history of every regulatory agency of the government is that it comes to represent the industry or groups it is supposed to control. . . . Sooner or later all of these agencies end up with constituents. And they represent them damned well, too."

Some $300 million in federal funds largely devoted to a design contest won by Boeing and GE has already been kissed off as a free contribution to commercial America's high-flying future. Now the FAA has agreed to put up close to $1 billion more for the prototype program. Boeing and GE will put up $139 million -- little more than 12 percent.

Domestic airlines with options to buy SST's, their arms squeezed by the officials who regulate them, will cough up $52 million – the remaining five percent – in return for tax write-offs and other assurances.

At first, the airlines had been unwilling to put up any of their own money, and FAA Administrator McKee saw no reason to inconvenience them when the federal Treasury was available. But the President, alerted to McKee's stubbornness at a White House meeting, saw the awkwardness of asking the taxpayers to put up money that the airlines refused to risk. At length, they were persuaded to chip in, says Stuart G. Tipton, president of the Air Transport Association, so that the Administration "could recommend appropriations [from Congress] more effectively." More recently, both domestic and foreign airlines have been required to put $750,000 down for each additional SST they order. But this has produced about another one percent of the prototype program's cost.

On paper, the government is supposed to get its near $1 billion back, plus sharply limited interest, through royalties on the sale of each commercial SST. GE will begin paying up as soon as the first engine is sold. But Boeing doesn't have to pay anything back until after it has sold 100 of the planes at $40 million each. And the kicker is that the Boeing royalties – beginning with plane 101 – need be paid only for an SST made "principally of titanium" with a maximum cruising speed of 2,050 miles an hour (Mach 3.1). The GE engines will be able to go faster. Should Boeing manage to match them with an airframe that goes a hair faster than Mach 3.1 or build a production model of some other metal, it won't owe government a cent.

"The contract is a scandalous, shocking deal," says Proxmire. "Advances in metallurgy are perfectly possible. The government might have to write off most of its investment even if the SST is successful."

The FAA was forewarned. A government advisory committee representing the Treasury, Justice and Defense Departments, the Budget Bureau and the Internal Revenue Service had been assigned to suggest contract terms that would guarantee repayment. They told the FAA not to put a titanium clause in the contract. And they urged a broader speed range – up to Mach 4 or 2,640 miles an hour – to make sure the government would recover its money despite improvements in later models.

Instead, the FAA gave in to Boeing's corporate phalanx. The senior partner with most of the money, the FAA hit the bargaining table with a limp wrist. It was Maxwell who overruled the advisory group and agreed to limit the government's royalties to a Mach 3.1 plane made of titanium. Only then, Maxwell says, did Boeing agree to abandon still other demands "that would have been far more disadvantageous to the government." The company, it seems, wanted royalties limited to an SST with still slower speeds and a movable wing design. "Boeing came in and asked for the whole world," commented one government lawyer, "all they got was the Western Hemisphere."

Instead of blushing, the FAA blusters. A titanium airframe, it says, would practically fall apart at speeds over Mach 3.1 without a major redesign. Boron development, it says, is still in its infancy – 15 years behind titanium technology. "If the Boeing Company is able to come up with a new metal that is better than titanium and can build a new airplane out of that exotic metal," McKee told an unquestioning Senate appropriations subcommittee, "then they deserve to make all the money they can because it would be the single biggest technological breakthrough in the last two centuries."

What the FAA chooses to overlook is that the government's tunnel-visioned bureaucracy, even now, is spending millions to euchre itself out of its SST money. The Air Force is testing boron components – "five times the strength of today's aircraft alloys" – on military aircraft such as the F-111 as part of an $8-million-a-year program. Meanwhile, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration quietly secured a $13 million appropriation last fall, partly to supply expert advice for the Boeing prototypes, but also to promote development of the next generation of *commercial* SST's.

Besides the FAA's $1.3 billion commitment, NASA has gotten $62.5 million over the past 6½ years for

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research and development of a commercial SST. Now that Boeing is building one, asserts a NASA spokesman: "Our function is to keep looking ahead. We're thinking of the next generation of SST's, the advanced supersonic transport. We're constantly looking for improvements, maybe a better metal . . . and changes in design and configuration of the airframe, yes, definitely. We've always wanted to go faster. We're assuming there may be a desire to go faster than the SST has been designed for."

The first SST won't be sold until 1975 or later. It will be close to 1980 before the government is scheduled to get its first royalties. It could take more than another decade, even if the FAA's rosy sales estimates are accepted, for the government to get back its investment plus a modest six percent interest. It strains the imagination not to expect the next generation of SST's long before then.

"This thing," as one economist told *The Wall Street Journal* in another context, "could become the FAA's Edsel."

That the taxpayers may never get their money back is not the only danger of the SST program. They may be even sorrier if they do.

The FAA insists that the public can learn to live with the sonic boom. "The first time you hear it," Maxwell says with a shrug, "you might jump. But the 1000th time, you don't do anything." Officially the FAA has managed to muffle the boom controversy by claiming that the SST will be a commercial success even if it is limited to overwater flights at supersonic speeds. But it has made no promises. Other SST backers have sought to suggest that the boom won't be so bad at the SST's high-flying altitudes of 65,000 feet or more. Boeing has even put out a brochure calling the boom "a 20th-century sound." "I've experienced booms that are no more than . . . well, rap your knuckles on the desk," says J. O. Mitchell, Boeing's man on Capitol Hill.

The boom of the SST will be much worse than that if the government's own tests are any guide. But the FAA has repeatedly refused to accept them as the last word, or even the first. In tests over Oklahoma City in 1964, slightly more than one of every four residents interviewed said they could not "learn to live" with the boom even though it was confined to daylight hours. From this, then FAA Administrator Najeeb E. Halaby (now a senior vice president with Pan American World Airways) concluded that construction of a prototype SST was "clearly warranted."

"God!" exclaims Proxmire. "Think of it. A boom stretching out in a carpet maybe 75 miles wide." Sonic booms are like that. Once started, they roll out like a rug that grows roughly a mile in width for every 1,000 feet the plane climbs.

In a single transcontinental SST flight, White House science adviser Donald F. Hornig told a House subcommittee last spring, "all people located within perhaps 100,000 square miles, embracing perhaps 10 million people . . . would be likely to hear and react. . . ."

Recent reports of tests over Edwards Air Force Base in California showed that a boom slightly less than that expected of the SST – even at the superliner's high altitudes – is roughly equivalent to the noises of living 1,000 feet from the end of the runway at New York's Kennedy International Airport. Those hearing an SST-size bang for the first time called it as bad as having a Boeing-707 fly 300 feet over their living rooms. Those whose eardrums were numb from living at Edwards put the "20th-century sound" only a few hundred feet more over their coffee tables.

Sonic booms from military planes in the past have collapsed the roof of a French farmhouse, killing three workers; demolished a prehistoric cliff dwelling in northeastern Arizona; and fouled up the dedication of the Ottawa Air Terminal with $300,000 in damages. No doubt the booms that did the damage were worse than those generally expected of the SST. But Bo Lundberg, recently retired director general of the Swedish Aeronautical Research Institute and one of the best-informed critics of the SST, warns that atmospheric conditions will periodically turn its boom into a "superbang," producing deep fright and damage.

The FAA set boom limits for the design competition between Boeing and Lockheed, but neither entry quite made the grade. The FAA obligingly lifted the limits. No new ones were set down in the contract with Boeing. Since then, there have been reports that Boeing's engineers feel the plane's weight may have to be increased sharply – from 672,000 to 900,000 pounds. The bigger the plane, the bigger the boom.

Is that any way to run an airline? No, says National Airlines executive vice president G. Ray Woody. That may be partly because National doesn't plan to buy any SST's. Nonetheless, says Woody, "the sonic boom will be intolerable."

Federal funds, he points out, are much more badly needed to unclog the traffic jams above and around the nation's airports. Saving time on the SST doesn't mean much when the *average* peak-hour flight delay at Kennedy International is fast approaching one hour. The delays in getting to airports on expressways where you can safely drive and read the paper at the same time are often much worse.

The FAA claims that 500 of the planes can be sold, even with restrictions limiting the SST's supersonic speeds to overwater flights. Without restrictions, the FAA maintains that Boeing can peddle 1,200 of the 280-seat behemoths. But the prestigious Institute for Defense Analyses, the FAA's market consultant, was far less optimistic. With boom restrictions in force,

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IDA concluded that not enough SST's would be sold to repay the government's investment, much less interest on it. IDA calculated a market for only 279 SST's with boom restrictions, and for 661 SST's without restrictions. The precarious economics are a clear harbinger of pressure for overland flights once the SST is built. A few scattered land routes at first, Proxmire warns, and then "they will be flying everywhere."

Witness this exchange last spring before a House appropriations subcommittee between Rep. William E. Minshall (R, Ohio) and Secretary of Transportation Alan S. Boyd:

Mr. Minshall: Coming back to the SST, do you believe, *based on data available thus far,* that the Boeing SST can be permitted to overfly the United States?

Secretary Boyd: I am confident that at the present time the SST can fly at supersonic speeds over certain routes. I am not prepared to say I think it can fly on an unrestricted basis.

Mr. Minshall: Would you amplify that?

Secretary Boyd: Yes. For example, going out of Chicago to the West Coast. I think it will be entirely possible to operate a route over the Plains area and possibly across the Canadian border without discomfort or inconvenience to people on the ground.

With entrees like that, the SST could strike it rich with windfall profits for the manufacturer. If the taxpayers ever get their money back plus six percent, the government royalties will be promptly reduced. Boeing and GE will pick up the mounting profits. Though it is highly improbable, two young Treasury Department economists, in a 1965 report, figured out a way by which Boeing alone could turn a fantastic profit of $100 billion.

Beyond this, many critics, such as George W. Hilton, UCLA economics professor who served as chairman of the Great Society task force on transportation, object to bringing the sonic boom era closer at public expense in order "to subsidize the travel habits of the high-income classes." Tickets on the SST will cost more, perhaps 25 percent more, than seats on the slower, but roomier and more luxurious "jumbo jets" that Boeing is building. Windows on the SST will be tiny, to help protect passengers from the blood-boiling temperatures on the other side of the cabin wall.

Mr. Eugene Black thinks "it's too bad we have to build the damn things. But the Concorde forced us to. We certainly can't sit here and turn over the market to the British and the French – from the standpoint of prestige to our industry."

Subsidized by the British and French governments, the slower (1,450 mph), smaller (136 seats) Concorde could turn out to be a paper tiger. The projected price for the aluminum airliner, scheduled for service in 1971, has already doubled, from $10 million to $20-million. Many expect the British to pull out. "Simply because other countries are doing something that is unjustified in an economic sense," says UCLA's Hilton, "doesn't mean that we should." If it is uneconomic, all the other arguments handed out for the SST – that it will have a fine military "spinoff," promote American prestige, improve the US balance of payments, create jobs – are spurious. Former Secretary of Defense McNamara, who headed the presidential advisory committee on the SST, has made it clear it has nothing to do with national defense.

Prestige? Henry S. Rowen, former assistant Budget Bureau director and now head of the Rand Corporation, says, "There's no national prestige to be won if it's a failure."

Balance of payments? The Institute for Defense Analyses concluded that with sonic boom restrictions limiting sales, the SST could add to our balance deficit by promoting more US passenger spending on air tickets and travel abroad.

The SST will create jobs, but as Senator Proxmire points out, it needs "highly skilled workers for whom the demand already exceeds the supply. The SST would do very little to satisfy the real need – providing jobs to the unskilled or partially skilled."

Opposition to the SST – led in the Senate by Proxmire and in the House by Rep. Clark MacGregor (R, Minn.) – has logic but never enough votes. By contrast, the chief congressional whip for the SST, Sen. Warren G. Magnuson (D, Wash.), has IOU's from his colleagues spilling out of his pockets. The more persuasive the attacks on the SST get, the more Senate votes it seems to pick up in its defense. It won its first appropriation in 1961 after a move to kill it in the Senate failed by the narrowest of margins, a 35-35 tie. Then Vice President Johnson, who was presiding, could have broken the deadlock, but he kept silent, and saved the SST. It came up in the Senate for its most recent appropriation immediately after the "world's greatest deliberative body" had refused to be generous with the poverty program. Sen. Robert Kennedy (D, N.Y.) had a field day. "Three hours ago," he reminded his colleagues, "the Administration was in favor of cutting $198 million from the poverty program which would have provided jobs. Now it is supporting this kind of legislation. . . . We are faced with a $29 billion deficit. We are spending approximately $30-billion a year in Vietnam. We have internal problems in our own country and they are not improving. We should not build a supersonic plane so that one percent of our population can get to Paris in four hours while so many of our people are in such desperate need."

Sen. J. William Fulbright (D, Ark.) virtually called Magnuson and Jackson the senators from Boeing. "I

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do not criticize the senators from Washington," he said, "I only envy them their influence. . . . I cannot understand why the President or the Congress should insist on this except for the pressure from the enormously influential forces that are interested in this irrational program dominating the Congress."

Magnuson was hurt: "I don't think the junior senator from Washington [Henry Jackson] or myself should be abused because we happen to have in our state a company which makes a pretty darn good airplane." The Senate yawned and handed the SST another $142.3 million. The vote was 54-19.

Perched on the edge of a couch in the ornate Senate reception room not long afterward, Magnuson looked up at the smiling cherubs painted on the ceiling and recalled the vote with satisfaction. "Not much" lobbying had to be done for it. "Halaby talked to a lot of people. So did our friend, Quesada [former FAA Administrator Elwood R. Quesada]. McCone was up here. Eugene Black, too. I told the California senators to talk to McCone. He's from California and they can trust what he says. . . . The sonic boom? Now that is an argument. We don't know what the effect of that will be yet. . . .

"What'd Proxmire get? Nineteen votes? I could have had half of those if I'd needed them."

The Berkeley Thermidor

by Michael Miles and Martin Roysher

At Berkeley everything happens but nothing changes. The FSM and the FSU, VDC and PROC, STDW and MAPS – the acronyms come and go, but the university just keeps rolling along. Not that it was ever the purpose of the latest organizations to transform the university. Student activism has moved off campus against other institutions in the society, while society has threatened massive retaliation against the students' campus base. The result has been a series of political happenings which have raised no university issues beyond the hoary Free Speech Movement question of the right to organize political activity.

Although the administrations of the various campuses of the University of California system have vast operational power, they have no constitutional authority. The chancellors of the individual campuses are the "chief campus officers" of the industrialists, politicians, and wealthy personages composing the Board of Regents. The Regents do not reign; they rule. The consequence for Berkeley has been that each political crisis has been telescoped into the board room of California plutocrats, into the office of the governor who sits on the board, into the legislature, and ultimately into the homes of the citizenry or, as reduced by Ronald Reagan to their fiscal essence, the "taxpayers of California." In this sequence, issues of student rights, due process, and university purpose metamorphose into questions of insubordination, law and order, and un-Americanism. Mrs. Katherine Hearst is revolted by drug use, so the Regents direct the university to assume functions of public government – the apprehension and dismissal of drug users.

After the FSM crisis of 1964, a Regents' subcommittee retained Jerome Byrne, a Los Angeles lawyer, to coordinate a study of the administrative debacle. With unusual boldness, the Byrne Committee proposed that the Regents should "provide for" but not "be" the government of the university. When the day in May 1965 came for the issuance of the report, Regent Theodore Meyer announced to the assembled press that the Byrne Committee had come to some "tentative" conclusions subject to review. Byrne interjected that the original charge from the Regents had said nothing of a tentative report and that, as far as he was concerned, it was final. Meyer reassured the gentlemen of the press that the report was indeed tentative. Nothing has been heard of it since.

The Regents inhabit an administrative world. The statewide administration defines to the Regents and to the university system the first principles of this world: (1) the reduction of educational values to quantitative specifications; (2) the absorption of political issues into administrative criteria. In policy-making, the faculty are petty functionaries, mostly unconscious, in the world of administrative reductionism. Recently, an *Academic Plan* was presented to the community with

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ruffles and flourishes by a committee of faculty members (appointed by the administration). All it amounted to was departmental growth-rate projections based upon "target figures" provided by the state administration's *Master Plan*. Students were worried that "earlier and more accurate" determination of "segments of enrollment" would force upon them earlier declaration of major subject and unwelcome specialization. Physics professor Arthur Knight, chairman of the committee, responded that students would not be forced into "irrevocable and premature choice" but would only be required to be more certain of their "tentative" (that word again) choice. The economic criterion of growth rate *is* the administrative conception of education.

The administration arrives at its conception of university architecture by multiplying these population growth rates by square footage per person. These "square footage norms" are established by the statewide *Restudy Standards*, themselves drawn up by a self-confessed "fugitive engineer" from industry and administered by a faculty bureaucracy (42 committees) which persists in the illusion that it "runs the university." These criteria heavily favor the sciences and professional schools, which, according to last year's priorities, will benefit from 96 percent of the anticipated capital expenditures in the next five years. For a new theatre and art gallery, which are, after all, the laboratories of the Humanities, the university allocated *no* state funds. It decided to tax students through special student fees for $5 million of the $6 million for the theatre. One million was contributed by the Zellerbach, of the Crown Zellerbach, paper empire. The student senate had been boycotting all Zellerbach products because of discriminatory conditions in its Bogalusa, La., plant. When students returned this year from summer vacation, they discovered the new theatre had been christened "Zellerbach Hall."

While the Byrne Report was an essentially political solution to university crisis, the campus administration has endeavored to rise above mere politics through educational reform. After the resignation of Chancellor Strong at Berkeley during the FSM, acting chancellor Martin Myerson, the Turgot of Berkeley history, staked his regime on a genuine commitment to educational change. By a parliamentary maneuver, Myerson won approval for his own commission from the Academic Senate of the faculty which then, as now, viewed educational reform primarily as a threat to its own institutional and classroom authority. In its private deliberations, the commission, chaired by English professor Charles Muscatine, gave huge ground to a minority of one, chemist George Pimentel, in the hope of a unanimous report. Having wrung concessions from the commission, Pimentel, on the night the report went to press, presented Muscatine, unannounced, with a 40-page minority report. The Muscatine Commission reveals the cycle of educational reform at Berkeley – genuine commitment broken by private maneuvering because of an unwillingness to discuss issues openly where they might gain student support, or in the words of one faculty member, "raise false expectations in the third world." The emasculated Muscatine Report concluded as a feeble exercise in the pacification of the student population.

In the years since, the university has continued to break down with the structural regularity of a production-line Ford. In late 1966, students sat down around a Navy recruiting table; a panicked vice chancellor called in the city police; a student strike resulted. As the price of settlement the Academic Senate was forced to create yet another commission. This time, however, students were included on the Study Commission on University Governance. Since the commission reproduced almost the entire range of Berkeley politics, including radicalism, it was designed not to produce at all. When two of its conservative faculty members went on leave, the commission under the co-chairmanship of law professor Caleb Foote and graduate student Henry Mayer was able, to general surprise, to produce a consensus document. Unsatisfactory as anyone's utopia, *The Culture of the University* did offer some moderate proposals embedded in liberal, intermittently radical rhetoric.

Inherent in this analysis, however, is a radical principle which distinguishes this report from its predecessors – a political definition of education. The commission recommends student participation in educational policy-making as a means not only to respond to demands for student power but to *change the nature of education*. If education is conceived as a process of self-determination and self-realization, it follows that students must have greater discretion in deciding the form of their education and greater political power in the councils which determine institutional and educational policy. While the Byrne Report was a basic political solution and the Muscatine Report a form of educational therapy, *The Culture of the University* is potentially subversive of *status quo* conceptions of politics and education. A case in point: the report asserts the rights of a self-determining community over against centralized state authorities. While such a conception of educational self-government might benefit students, it would have serious consequences for the "knowledge industry." As a result of its industrialization since World War II, the university has been organized for two outputs – research measured in monographs per month and manpower measured in PhDs per year – which generate a mind pollution which is slightly less conspicuous than dirty air. If

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students were to have greater influence on their own education, there is no guarantee that they would educate themselves for their social utility. In order to function to the specifications of technological society, it is essential that educational policy be controlled by administrative systems analysts and a faculty trained in the school of nuts and bolts.

In tandem with student participation, the Study Commission on University Governance recommends decentralization and public discussion of politically significant issues, such as the currently *secret* budget priorities and allocations. (At the moment, Berkeley chancellor Roger Heyns consults only those student constituencies which he himself legitimates – for example, the "Order of the Golden Bear," an absurd secret society of VIP faculty, student trusties and administrators.) The report prescribes a mixed therapy of communitarian, syndicalist and parliamentary solutions for the atomized student masses (27,500 total population – undergraduate dropout rate of 50 percent). Lower division students (freshmen and sophomores) would attend colleges organized around problem areas of an interdisciplinary orientation. Upper division students would be organized around common faculty advisers into departmental advising groups which would elect departmental councils of majors to represent their interests on policy-making committees. Graduate students would organize directly for such purposes. These local constituencies would provide the basis for a university student senate which would represent student interests in policy-making on a campus level and elect student representatives to policy committees of the faculty's Academic Senate.

A fundamental reallocation of power, the report is not. Student participation is a token, not the substance of student power. What *The Culture of the University* establishes are the preconditions for student power in the creation of potential student constituencies around the educational process, and in the demystification of policy-making. Critics of the report have already observed that its proposals for decentralization are potentially reactionary, since they transfer effective decision-making to the local fiefdoms of faculty barons. This is the risk the report takes in its commitment to a new politics.

The eventful fate of this latest report will probably only illustrate the balance of power in Berkeley in the Year Four. While *Time*, *Newsweek* and *The New York Times* (not to mention the *People's World*) have covered the report, the *Campus Report* (official) has ignored it while the *University Bulletin* (also official) failed to mention the Regents' discussion of it. When the report was presented to the Academic Senate in January, a caucus of law-and-order liberals launched an attack on the composition of the policy committee to which some left liberals favored referring important sections. The caucus succeeded in bumping one member off the committee on grounds of conflict of interest. It then secured the demotion of the chairman, molecular biologist Howard K. Schachman, a formidable political operator in his own right, to the status of member on the grounds that he held another committee chairmanship. This resolution was supported, in a humorous demonstration of the Byzantine quality of Berkeley faculty politics, by a professor who chairs four committees.

The ease with which law-and-order liberals gutted the policy committee is a measure of how much the situation has changed since the Free Speech Movement's campaign for freedom to talk and to act politically. Good civil libertarians all, the faculty was won to that cause and passed its famous December 8 resolution, while there developed a powerful left-liberal "Committee of 200" (actually consisting of 350 faculty members). The well-coordinated caucus and efficient phone chain of this bloc began to disintegrate in the fall of 1965, when the student Vietnam Day Committee was maneuvering for a possible bloody confrontation with the forces of order at the Oakland Army base. Various faculty were put off by this early example of non-pacific protest and 400 co-signed a letter of opposition to it. Incidents related to the Peace Rights Organizing Committee in the spring of 1966 and the student strike of December 1966 accelerated the process of disintegration so that by this year the bloc was reduced to a Radical Rump.

What emerges from this history is the classic pattern of cold war liberalism. The faculty is chiefly committed to the values of neutral scholarship and to the pursuit of their own happiness. What disrupts this pursuit is, *ipso facto*, deplorable. In the words of a radical professor, "The faculty is not interested in Peace and Freedom [a reference to California's radical third party]; it's interested in Peace and Quiet." The major threat to peace and quiet is the foreign peril: the barbarian hordes of Southern California led by their primitive chieftain, Ronald Reagan, who cheerfully disembowels university budgets and university presidents. Politics is thus reduced to a question of university security for which university unity is essential. Unfortunately, the radical student movement is forever demonstrating against the war, against the draft and against Dow Chemical. This encourages outside intervention, creates a favorable atmosphere in the legislature for budget cuts, and violates Newton's Revised Law of Politics: for every action, there is an opposite and greater reaction; therefore, do nothing.

The cold war liberals are also convinced that The Movement is interested in the university only as a

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cipher in a crypto-revolutionary game. The strategy is to use civil liberties and peace issues as pretexts to organize student support and then encourage confrontations which invite outside interventions. These interventions, so the theory goes, in turn mobilize additional support and "radicalize" consciousness. As the state of the university worsens, the position of the radical movement improves. The appeal of this characterization of the radical leadership is that it is true – but only of a minority faction of woolly rhetoricians. Radicals of this school had their day at San Francisco State and succeeded in finding an issue, joining a confrontation, demobilizing student support, deradicalizing consciousness, and in the end, discrediting themselves.

The cold war ideology has given new leverage to the Berkeley administration in its hot war with student radicals. Assured of the support of the faculty, the administration must find it difficult to resist the temptation to implement the final solution – the expulsion of the student radical leadership. When a court injunction against rallies in preparation for the Oakland draft demonstrations precipitated campus rule violations last fall, the administration gingerly suspended a representative selection only of those rally speakers who were also major radical leaders. As one liberal faculty member remarked, "It was simply a matter of whether John X [who was making a pest of himself and was probably guilty anyway] would hang, or whether Reagan should dismantle the place." In a recent meeting of departmental chairmen, Chancellor Heyns requested that lists of classroom absentees be forwarded to the dean's office, if the teaching assistants of the American Federation of Teachers should strike over the suspensions. Lest they miss the point, this request was prefaced with the observation that the "situation in Sacramento [respecting budget cuts] is very bad."

As the Metternichs and Talleyrands of the faculty observe with a certain cynical glee, student radicals misconceive the situation if they wish to ally with the faculty. The faculty are the aristocrats who are more royalist than the king. They can be mobilized only around issues of civil liberties and academic freedom. But the cold war with Reagan has eroded their interest in civil liberties, while academic freedom is little more than the ideology of faculty self-interest. This was demonstrated with macabre clarity by the statement of the faculty Academic Freedom Committee on unclassified war research. Invoking the memory of Galileo, Harvey and Darwin, the committee observed that the principle of academic freedom was designed to "protect scholarly work from having to pass moral or political tests" which have proved to "have little or no validity." The committee concluded, "Results of striking importance and vast benefit to mankind have emerged from work that appeared at the outset to be mundane or morally suspect – even from research into instruments of warfare."

Although more subject to techniques of management control than they imagine, the faculty has considerable discretion within its own fiefdom. In the technical fields and increasingly in the social sciences, professors can obtain foundation grants and government contracts in six or even seven figures. It is easy enough for an enterprising professor to organize a personal empire in the form of a laboratory or an "institute" for this or that. Consultation fees from corporations and government are a lucrative source of income. Edward Teller commands fees approaching $1,000 a day from companies like General Dynamics. Other Berkeley scientists approximate this level.

The Academic Senate can muster only 15 or 20 percent attendance for an average Senate meeting, but faculty members are generally convinced that the student *hoi polloi* could not muster enough competent representatives of their interests in educational policy-making and in any case should not overstep the limits of the "functional differentiation" of their role. The dissenters from this ideology are generally isolated renegades, junior faculty and refugees within the humanities. In and around San Francisco, status is directly correlated to altitude, and the faculty landed gentry live well up in the Berkeley Hills.

While the faculty has lapsed into quietism, the radical student movement has contributed to Thermidor in a more paradoxical way. As the war has escalated, so has the movement progressed from marches on the Oakland Army base to attempts to stop troop trains to disruptive demonstrations against induction centers. The thrust of the history of the last four years has led inexorably away from campus. This historical fact has now been apotheosized in the dogma that serious radical activity somehow *logically* consists in "confrontations with the system" in the streets of downtown Oakland. The concurrent escalation of rhetoric and tactical militancy has also concealed the essentially defensive character of this process. Disruptive demonstrations are a response to the exhaustion of tactical possibilities as the war grinds on, and, measured in relative political efficacy, are a holding action rather than an advance. Similarly, it is not students who are threatening the draft machine but the draft machine which is closing in on students. Although collective defense is obviously necessary, the militancy of its form should not obscure its political substance. But the rapid escalation of tactics has enshrined the idea of militancy, empty of any political content, as the criterion of radicalism.

Within the Berkeley radical movement, this development has given extraordinary leverage to political ad-

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venturers who can play the game of militant one-upmanship without the encumbrances of political objectives. The radicals who command the greatest respect among Berkeley students are those who *do* have a conception of a rational politics, but they are trapped in the logic of image politics. The practical result has been the failure of the radical movement to know an impasse when it sees one and an inclination to celebrate standoffs as victories. The faculty conservatives have welcomed this development and have proposed their own separatist solution to on-campus crises, a solution which concedes students freedom of political activity and control of student affairs but takes a hard line against student participation in educational policy-making: let the Oakland police discipline their problem children.

Some ideologues of the movement accept this separatist conception of student power. They dream of revolution in the abstract . . . against society in general . . . at the moment of all-at-once apocalypse. What influence a separatist student government could have on students' educational life is unclear, though it might be able to coordinate the invasion of Oakland. But Gertrude Stein was right about Oakland – "There's no 'there' there when you get there."

This exclusive concentration on *ad hoc* direct action has had disastrous consequences for the stated ideals of the radical movement. Forays against an induction center do not lend themselves to structured organization, and "participatory democracy" quickly degenerates into a manipulative relationship between an elite steering committee and the participating masses. This relationship is rationalized in mass meetings where decisions are presumably made collectively. But "plaza democracy" is a variation of plebiscitary democracy, a myth as old as Napoleon III. The actual result is what a radical critic has called "anarcho-Stalinism."

If the student radical movement is to redeem its own ideals and also break out of the cycle of Thermidor, it must seek to organize where democratic structure is possible and where students are both informed and vitally interested – around the educational process. The possibilities which the Study Commission on University Governance report opens are instructive in this respect. It recommends a new politics where power is to be had, and where national and educational issues dovetail.

War research is such a dual issue and an example, but only one example, of the university's transformation into a commercial R and D facility. Last year, $230 million of the University of California's budget came from the Atomic Energy Commission. Although most war research is done at remote laboratories at Livermore and Los Alamos, numerous consulting relationships on the Berkeley campus ought to be subject to community control, such as public scrutiny and justification in open meetings of the student and faculty senates. There are a number of leading contenders for the first such open meeting. The dean of the graduate division, Sanford Elberg, is a bacteriologist who has been a leading consultant for the Army's chemical-biological warfare center at Ft. Detrick, Md. Political scientist Robert Scalapino is the principal investigator for a $280,000 research contract awarded to the "Himalayan Border Countries Project" by the Office of Naval Research (What is the Navy doing in the Himalayas?). Physicist Kenneth Watson consults for the Institute for Defense Analyses, which is busy at work on riot control devices. And so on and on.

Another dual issue is the draft. After unsuccessfully bending university influence in Washington against the wholesale draft of graduate students, Dean Elberg resigned himself to fate with a human wave theory of graduate education: "Although a good many potential first year students will be drafted, their places will readily be taken by others." When asked about university policy on the fellowships of students who choose to resist the draft, another dean in the graduate division replied that the university guaranteed the fellowships of students who left the university involuntarily. This would, he said, apply to "returning veterans," though he doubted that it would also apply to "returning felons."

Students and committed faculty must begin to challenge directly the exclusive prerogative of the administration to determine policies relating to the war and the draft. Sympathetic students and faculty should proceed *as if* the commission's recommendations *were already* policy rather than await their incipient pulverization in the Academic Senate. The Faculty Peace Committee and the Campus Draft Opposition could investigate university policy and organize seminars on draft and research policy. As recommended in the commission report, the student senate and Academic Senate could serve as vehicles for public discussion and mobilization of support for specific recommendations. If the administration rejected those recommendations without convincing the community with its rationale, direct action would be a legitimate response. Specific criticism would be the prelude to an organized public critique of university purpose contained in notions of "manpower needs." The critique should concurrently develop a systematic alternative to the conception of the university held by the good deans. After Christmas, Dean Elberg observed that the White House was unresponsive to a revision of the draft law but that he had hopes for the Defense Department. "The Department of Defense," he said, "understands the needs of higher education."

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Books and the Arts

Lindbergh's America

by Robert Coles

Charles A. Lindbergh certainly is not the last hero Mr. Ross claims him to be in his new biography of the first man to fly non-stop from New York to Paris. Others after Lindbergh have climbed Everest, probed the bottom of the deepest sea and in general pitted themselves against various sorts of overwhelming odds. Perhaps never again, though, will Americans go as wild over a particular man and a particular feat as they started doing in May of 1927 and only stopped doing around 1940 or 1941. Ross is no social historian whose purpose is to examine why we flung ourselves so desperately and unequivocally at a very brave and capable aviator who did indeed achieve a lot by crossing the Atlantic and more important, by following up his victory with years of difficult and undramatic efforts on behalf of aviation in America. Nor has he had Lindbergh's confidence and encouragement. *The Last Hero* is not an "authorized" book; it does not offer the "first intimate portrait," of a famous yet intensely private man; the writer and his "subject" have never met – and at 66 Lindbergh is very much alive and active.

The Last Hero: Charles A. Lindbergh
by Walter Ross
(Harper & Row; $7.95)

Nevertheless, Ross has constructed a fair and thoughtful biography of a grossly misunderstood, pursued, idolized, and abused man, whose earnest inconsistencies, stubborn blind spots and serious mistakes were singularly fastened upon by the same desperate and confused public that had regarded him as something rather more than a saint. Lindbergh was for years our active, confident winner, who could conquer almost anything, if he wanted to. In that sense he was the opposite of a medieval saint. Lindbergh's inspiration came from within, was strictly self-centered; and the adulation he received – pagan to the core – was tenaciously confined to his person, his life, his appearance and withdrawals.

In 20th-century America – rich, assertive, envied – the Resurrection can only be a myth or something that arouses the quiet respect which ancient customs and beliefs often get. But a fellow like Icarus was our kind of guy. He and his father were builders, designers of vast ambition. Athenians, heathens, pre-Christians, they knew the complexities of power and the stupidity of endless self-restraint. Political tyrants – they are always around – tried to confine Icarus to the Labyrinth he had helped plan and construct, but he did not allow himself to become paralyzed or "alienated" or indeed imprisoned by the world he had created. A man of action, he took off – up into the air, toward the sky and the heavens. Ambition and vanity may have cost him his life, but the idea had been planted for others. Now steel wings have replaced wax ones, the sun offers no threat to our "goals" in the air, and as a matter of fact Lindbergh's nation controls more of that air than any other nation ever dreamed possible.

Icarus flew in order to escape an unpleasant fate, and as Ross tells us, Lindbergh had good reason as a young man to make some sort of radical and decisive break with his past. Lindbergh's parents came from somewhat different traditions, and they apparently didn't get along too well. He was their only child, and often lonely. As a youth he was not the kind of willing and able student who could easily follow his father – a lawyer and member of Congress, a radical Republican in the days when the Republican Party in the Midwest had thousands of near-socialist members. Lindbergh lived part of his childhood in Minnesota near Sauk Centre, Sinclair Lewis' birthplace. His father's family was Swedish, his grandfather having been for years a well-known, liberal member of Sweden's parliament. All his life Charles Lindbergh Sr. fought for the poor farmers and laborers he knew so well; and they sent him back to Washington again and again. He once introduced a resolution to investigate "whether there are not combinations of financial and other concerns which control money and credits." A congressional committee eventually found out that there were – "combinations" and companies that included, of course, J. P. Morgan and Company. Years later Charles A. Lindbergh Jr. would marry the daughter of a Morgan partner, Dwight Morrow.

Bankers tried to bribe the elder Lindbergh into silence, and his reply was to write *Banking and Currency*, an attack on "the big money interests." When World War I broke out he took a firm stand against American intervention and held to his position in the face of increasing pro-British and anti-German sentiment. Even when America went to war he kept up his criticism: British and American commercial interests had conspired to draw this country into a dirty, vicious, dishonest war, in which millions of men were dying not for "democracy" but for English and French imperialism. In 1918 he ran for the Senate against Frank Kellogg, and for the first time lost. Wartime America was worked up against Germans, pacifists (who were traitors) and of course the Bolshevik menace to Western civilization. A thoroughly American populist, a passionate Republican like Lindbergh could now be red-baited, slandered, beaten.

While Lindbergh Sr. was risking his career by looking too closely at the American economic system, his son was growing up and not making a very good "adjustment." He tended to be uninterested in ordinary schoolwork and had no idea what he wanted to "be." He liked to go off by himself, to the woods and lakes and rivers of the Midwest, and under the wide skies. Instead of fighting his way through

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high school and college with an "objective" or two in mind, he seemed almost a wanderer, a self-preoccupied misfit of sorts.

His parents never pushed him, though – into a career or into some form of "guidance." His father was obviously his own man, and his mother, too, was no ordinary person. Her family was comfortable, faintly aristocratic, far more conservative than her husband's. In it were scientists and physicians, men whose interests, I suppose, could be called either unusual or eccentric, depending upon your point of view. Mrs. Lindbergh's father, for instance, worried about Detroit's industrial soot (we now call it "air pollution") and many decades ago devised for his home a system that sucked in air and cleaned it by filtering it through cheesecloth. So, in 1922, when young Charles said he had had enough of the University of Wisconsin (he was in his sophomore year) and instead wanted to fly, to become not a pilot but a *professional* pilot, his parents feared for his life, and tried to dissuade him, but not too hard. "All right, if you really want to fly, that's what you should do," were his mother's eventual words.

(One thing that impresses me about this book is that it isn't, like so many contemporary biographies, committed to one or another of those psychological "interpretations" which are supposed to account for all successes and all failures, all ambitions and all hesitations. Ross has immersed himself in Lindbergh's life, going to old records and recent books and articles, to memoirs by friends and acquaintances, and to people willing to be interviewed by his subject's unwanted biographer. And I like the way he has proceeded: what he has learned is presented to us in that direct, old-fashioned way which allows the reader to comprehend a child's struggles, a man's achievements and failures, without being made to feel that any life is only an excuse for the elaboration of this or that "larger" historical or psychological or economic theory.)

Lindbergh did more than become a pilot. Relentlessly he mastered one plane after another, one stretch of land after another. Ross intelligently gives us a lot of information on this period of Lindbergh's life – from the spring of 1922 until twenty minutes after ten on the evening of May 21, 1927 (Paris time) when the *Spirit of St. Louis*, a little gray-white monoplane, suddenly broke through the night and landed on French soil. "Well, I made it," the tall, smiling, tired young man of 25 said as he entered history. In this book, we learn that his achievement was no stunt, no accident, but something that only a very intelligent, persistent, inventive, not to mention courageous, man could have managed.

Lindbergh himself has twice written about his flight – first in *We*, and much later (1952) in *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Some intellectuals have wondered why a trans-Atlantic flight – a "mere" physical or mechanical exertion – should have been so honored. In the same way Lindbergh's warm, open, lyrical prose hasn't been highly honored by academic or literary people, who can be as narrow-minded, faddish and bigoted

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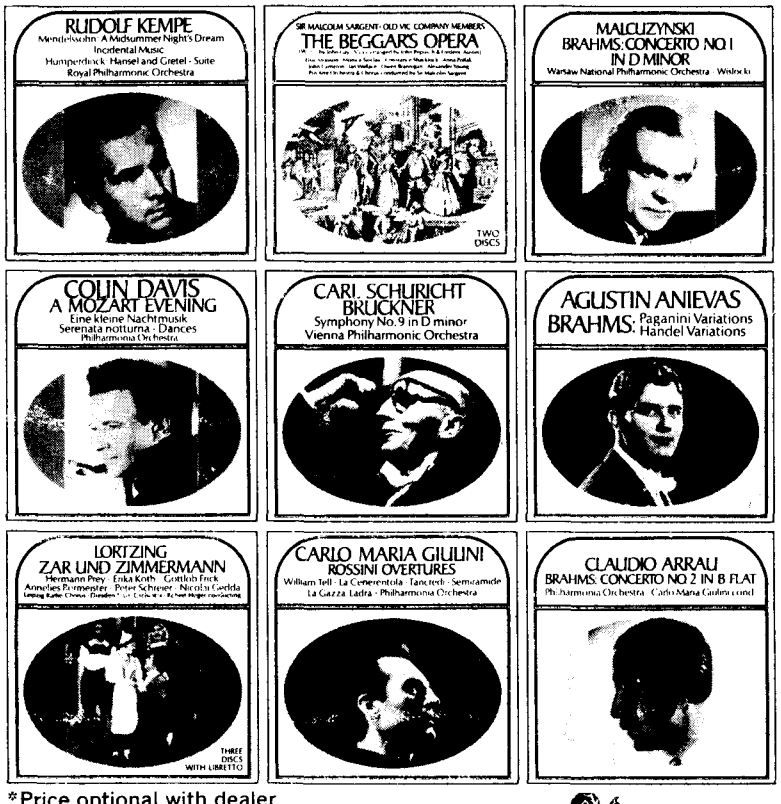
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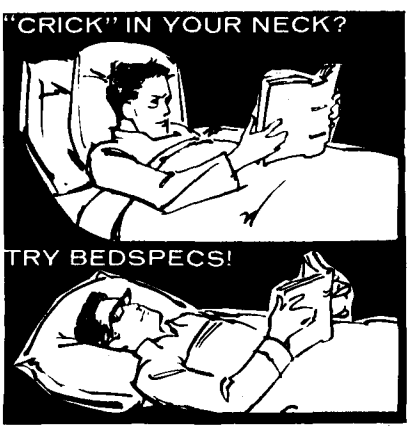
in their own way as any of Lindbergh's "thoughtless" admirers. Ross makes sure we all know that Lindbergh was a very brilliant man, whose intellect was as responsible as his endurance for the success of the trans-Atlantic mission. In many respects his trip amounted to a delicate work of art, a true scientific accomplishment, a successful self-analysis, and a triumph *over* as well as *of* technology. Even today, Lindbergh's account and the one Ross gives make exciting reading.

He came home not a hero but a conqueror. Even Calvin Coolidge was stirred. A cruiser brought the plane and the pilot up the Potomac and Washington went beside itself, as did New York and, of course, St. Louis, whose businessmen had backed Lindbergh when his ideas seemed wild, foolish or (literally) suicidal. The celebrations were, to say the least, hysterical; but after all, a spectacular thing had been done. Ominously, though, the public wouldn't let go of the shy, handsome flier. He tried to disappear, to live and work – to advance aviation in all sorts of ways. He married Anne Morrow, and they had a son, also Charles A. Lindbergh. He pleaded for his privacy with reporters and the public, but hundreds of thousands of letters poured down upon him, incessantly, year after year. His every breath, move, idea, deed was mercilessly recorded, exaggerated, distorted. He became a haunted man, never sure what pathetic, insane or sinister intrusion would come next. And finally the whole macabre "affair" between him and thousands of lost, bewildered, half-crazy Americans came to its awful end in the kidnapping and murder of his son. He had hoped that over the years he could eventually disappear, but his son's disappearance and death – a grotesque "shot-in-the-arm" to Lindbergh's curious "public" – convinced him he would have to leave America, and in 1936 he went to live in England, then in France.

If ever in some distant future historians or indeed social psychologists wish to learn something about the America that preceded the Great Depression and then remained a victim of it for so many years, this book or any other account of Lindbergh's life will be invaluable. His triumph occurred when the country was almost dizzy with expansion and speculation. We had won the war, and withdrawn hopefully forever from the European mess, hopefully never again to be bothered by "them." Stocks went up, up, up. Speakeasies flourished. Harding's "boys" were caught with their hands in the till, but silent Cal Coolidge was honest if nothing else, and made a point of saying that he'd do nothing to interfere with anything, anywhere. Almost always impassive, he choked up in the presence of Lindbergh. He knew immediately what millions of Americans would feel for over a decade. With the crash and the presence among us of hungry, jobless men, millions and millions of them, we were fortunate to have at least one man who had done something, something great and difficult and remarkable, and done it well. Hoover, a gifted and kind man, was trapped by his own beliefs. *He* could not soar over any obstacle. He could only say that things would *have* to get better – and anyway, only so much could be done by the President, or at least by a President who clung to the beliefs Herbert Hoover had learned never to question. No wonder Lindbergh never ran for office. To this day one gathers he would rather fly a U-2 – if he could – than stand before a battery of reporters and make dense denials that he knows anything about such a plane and its various errands.

Lindbergh did get involved in politics, though briefly and disastrously. He lent his enormous prestige to the isolationist America First Committee, and in so doing very much alarmed Franklin Roosevelt, who knew all too well how reluctant Americans were to involve themselves yet again in European affairs. I think Ross has handled this period of Lindbergh's life shrewdly and fairly. There is a real poignancy in Lindbergh's perplexed effort to fathom America, in some way to see more of himself and his surroundings than he dared; and the harder he tried the more rightist but ironically the more radical he became: "Much of our news is already colored. . . . We must learn to look behind every article we read and every speech we hear. We must not only inquire about the writer and the speaker – about his personal interests and nationality, but we must ask who owns and who influences the newspaper, the news picture, and the radio station." Later he talked of "powerful elements" which were trying to lead the country into war. He thought the President was becoming dictatorial and responding to internationalist influences, chiefly the British and the Jews. What is more: "Behind these groups, but of lesser importance, are a number of capitalists, anglophiles, and intellectuals, who believe that their future and the future of mankind, depends upon the domination of the British Empire. . . . This minority controls a tremendous influence." It is a mark of Norman Thomas' wide tolerance that he defended Lindbergh against some of the reactions to speeches like this.

In any event, this kind of talk finished Lindbergh. All sorts of events made his cause futile, even before Pearl Harbor. When war came he did what he could, and to this day he works quietly but prodigiously on behalf of his great love of aviation. (He was also one of the first Americans to see the future of rockets and to support the pioneer in that field, Robert



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Goddard.) He finally has a bit of privacy; indeed he is virtually unknown to millions of young Americans. He travels incessantly and both is and is not a citizen of the world. His daughter is married to a Frenchman and lives in Paris, but his son is a rancher in Montana. He brought the Midwest to Europe, made them next-door neighbors, but has never surrendered a certain view of the world which took shape in him in Minnesota. And, of course, because history is so ironic, strands of the "right-wing isolationism" he once preached sound more than appealing to today's "left-wing."

So, the great aviator arrived at a mixture of brazen truths and simple-minded, harmful fantasies, when he tried to pinpoint America's social and economic system – perhaps among other reasons because the "system" itself is such a contradictory, ambiguous and confusing one. America offers the observer many things: productivity and injustice; the cheapest kind of materialism and honest, idealistic good will; an ethic that upholds privacy and the accumulation of property, and another that urges not only equality but even the utopian "pursuit of happiness." Lindbergh might have found it easier to swim the Atlantic than to make "sense" of his beloved nation – so dominant, so critically harassed and frustrated, such a bewildering giant.

Too Powerful a President?

by James MacGregor Burns

For the first time in decades the power of the Presidency is undergoing critical reevaluation by American liberals. Left-wing historians are wondering if they have been too hard on "weak" Presidents like Madison, Buchanan, and Harding. Liberal political scientists are reconsidering the need for institutional checks and balances against the man in the White House. Old-fashioned majoritarians are wondering if there may be something after all to the classic fears of naked majority rule, and advocates of consensus are reflecting that a strong President may not unify the people but break them into fragments.

The New American Commonwealth
by Louis Heren
(Harper & Row; $7.95)

Louis Heren's book will both spur this reevaluation and inhibit it. Most of *The New American Commonwealth* is a rather conventional treatment of the whole range of American government and politics – Congress (too much minority power); the Supreme Court (*how can nine quiet men produce a social revolution?*); the states and cities (heavily dependent on national, especially presidential, power); the parties (weak); the people (poorly represented in government). The author, an Englishman and chief Washington correspondent of the (London) *Times*, has written a work that, with its judicious observations and with the Constitution printed in the Appendix, could be used as a college text, unless it were deemed too readable. For the most part Heren combines detachment with sympathy; sometimes he is even a bit dull.

But not when it comes to the Presidency. Heren is fascinated, enchanted, appalled by the White House – fascinated by its use of power, enchanted by its regal trappings, appalled by its driving, uncurbed energy and headlong pace. To comprehend the office fully, he insists, we must return to the medieval past of the British monarchy. He does not mean the tame kings of the last century or so, but the monarchs of the 13th and 14th centuries who asserted the Divine Right of Kings, fought and overcame the barons, both ruled and reigned. The President is the First Executive, the First Diplomat, the First Legislator, the Keeper of the King's peace.

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does not, both he and the land will suffer. . . ."

Now there is much in the White House that evokes such a comparison. A formal presidential dinner for a visiting potentate, with the young officers in dress uniforms, music, flowers, formal dress, and the like, has much of the punctilio and flavor of a medieval court – at least until after dinner, when the President mixes familiarly with his guests. Even the Secret Service agents, says Heren, are beefeaters with crewcuts and button-down shirts. More important, the twin concepts of the President's inherent power and of his authority to speak and act for the nation as a whole – that is, to speak for a consensus rising above real or felt interests – stem from notions of ancient royal prerogative.

But how far can the analogy be pushed? The President is not really surrounded by barons and burgesses, with their own independent status, local fiefdoms or guilds, and economic or military power. He is surrounded first by close aides and advisers who possess great loyalty to their chief and also great independence, including the ability to quit at any time and find far better employment in ten minutes; next by economists, scientists, public relations experts and other specialists who respond to professional and vocational standards as well as to presidential pressure; next by a host of executive and bureaucratic leaders who have varying degrees of loyalty to a President; and finally by countless legislative, administrative, and party politicians, who operate out of their own power centers, and by reporters, editors, and assorted President-watchers who make it their business to criticize the men in the White House.

Mr. Heren does not slight the forces, supportive or countervailing, that surround the President. Indeed, his portraits of the State and Defense Departments and of the national security machinery are among the best I have seen. But what is the significance of these mechanisms for Heren's central concern about the vigorous but responsible exercise of presidential power? Generally, he feels, they execute the President's will – indeed, they are virtual extensions of the President's personal authority. But they

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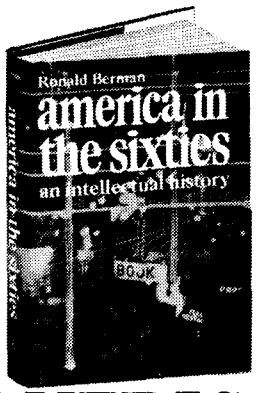

AMERICA IN THE SIXTIES

An Intellectual History
by Ronald Berman

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can also inform and check presidential purpose through their possession of information and their judgment. FDR, John Kennedy, and today Lyndon Johnson have all been criticized for having a group of "yes men" around them. But how many "no men" should surround the only elected representative of the national constituency?

The author is caught in the dilemma that occupied the Framers of 1787, the problem that dominates political science textbooks today – how to grant necessary power to politicians and at the same time prevent its abuse? The strong Presidency subject to institutional (bureaucratic, specialist, legislative, judicial) checks and to political (party, electoral, editorial) balances, is the outcome of decades of theoretical debate and practical experience. No one has devised an effective substitute for this nation. Mr. Heren grants that cabinet government would not work here. Few liberals – not even the presidential power revisionists – would vest more foreign-policy or war-making power in the Senate, with its anti-democratic devices, its delays and its deadlocks. Building more levels of decision-making into the Executive branch would stifle presidential innovation and energy without achieving efficiency or control.

The American Presidency, with its vast capacity for good and for catastrophe, is a direct outgrowth and embodiment of modern American liberalism. It is our greatest single instrument both for elevating our expectations and for achieving them. We cannot disown it now.

Uniting Science and Religion

by Roger Hazelton

Although Teilhard de Chardin died thirteen years ago the magnitude of his achievement has only begun to appear. In part this is because so much of his writing was published posthumously; but it is also due to the extraordinary comprehensiveness of his work, ranging from studies in paleontology, geology, and anthropology to volumes of grandly speculative and

The Life of Teilhard de Chardin
by Robert Speaight
(Harper & Row; $8.50)

even mystical scope. Such a life-work requires, and deserves, the kind of response from the intellectual community that is both complex and in the long run cooperative. As they stand now, Teilhard's findings and hypotheses are subject to criticism by the standards of many disciplines, and it is likely that his total contribution will be argued about and variously assessed for some time to come.

There is little doubt, however, that it should be taken very seriously. His vision of a unified cosmic process evolving toward greater complexity and consciousness can no longer be dismissed as "poetry" or "nonsense." The synthesis he attempted between scientific evolution and religious idealism may be rejected but not ignored. He did not claim to have the whole truth – as he wrote in *The Phenomenon of Man*, "It is up to others to try to do better" – but he believed passionately in the coherent wholeness of truth springing from the unity of the universe itself. Teilhard's writings may properly be read as a standing challenge to the majority of thinkers in our time who are suspicious of all synthesis and all too willing to settle for a pluralism of languages and models useful only for analytical operations and, what is worse, tending toward cultural anarchism.

At this juncture, then, Mr. Speaight's biography is a welcome addition to the growing literature by and about this remarkable Jesuit scientist and seer. Though his book is by no means as monumental as Claude Cuénot's *Life* recently translated and published in England, and does not presume to be definitive, it is faithful to its subject, making Teilhard both accessible and comprehensible to a greatly expanded readership. That is a decided gain.

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In choosing to write a straightforward biographical account with minimal exposition and interpretation of Teilhard's ideas, Mr. Speaight has of course taken the risk of underplaying what Teilhard himself would surely have wanted to be given prominence. Fortunately there are at least two other books available in English that emphasize and spell out with some care the intellectual contribution (those by Mooney and Rideau). On the other hand, Mr. Speaight's format is well suited to his intention: to provide the reader with a solid grasp of the background and development of Teilhard's thought, woven closely into the narrative of his life. If he hesitates to deal with Teilhard's intellectual legacy on its own terms he is surely right in asserting that it can only be appreciated as the expression of a particular man in a specific milieu. This is what the book brings generously to life, with a wealth of detail and a graceful style entirely worthy of its subject.

One source of minor but nagging annoyance must be mentioned. It is Speaight's habit of using inverted commas in almost every paragraph. Short phrases from Teilhard himself, his associates or correspondents are quoted with a liberality which leads one to believe that the author simply could not trust himself to describe scenes and situations in his own words. This straining after verisimilitude, whether due to modesty or not, gives an unfortunate kind of patchwork effect to many passages and violates the texture of the whole book.

Nevertheless Mr. Speaight has given us, all things considered, a magnificent biography of an exemplary and highly signficant person, one whose powerful witness was, in Henri de Lubac's words, "perfectly attuned to the ideas and preoccupations of his time." From his well-bred Auvergnat childhood to his death in New York at the age of seventy-three we see him at work on four continents with teams of scientists searching in the field for evidence of "hominization" and rewarded by the discovery of Peking Man, Stone Age artifacts of many sorts, and the remains of anthropoid apes. We watch the tension building up in his prolific writing between careful documentation and ever-bolder generalization. We share something of his deep, lasting attachment to family and friends, and glimpse him in moments of devotional discipline and meditative concentration to which he gave himself unreservedly.

Teilhard's personality is allowed to disclose itself gradually through the succession of his endeavors and encounters. Perhaps "character" is a better word, as it embraces more of his cool and sturdy life-style. Teilhard was clearly an attractive and compelling if not amiable man. The single-minded stability and tenacity which he embodied are rare qualities. Firm in his convictions and always eager to persuade others of their truth, he still possessed the virtues of a patience and an openness to criticism that are unusual indeed in one so sure of what he knew and believed. To be doubted never gave him doubts about himself or his work, but his profound sense of vocation often took the form of the question, "What is God expecting of me?" Considering the attacks and disappointments he suffered throughout his life, he was remarkably lacking in self-pity. Always something of a *seigneur*, fine-grained and fastidious, he had an abundance of common sense and *amour-propre* which enabled him to keep his poise in the midst of intemperate, exhausting controversy.

The story of Teilhard's life, from one viewpoint at least, consists in his persistent but unsuccessful struggle to get his chief works published. Neither *The Phenomenon of Man* nor *The Divine Milieu* were permitted to appear in his own lifetime, despite repeated efforts by himself and his friends. Conflicts with his Jesuit superiors and censors took their bitter toll but did not leave him embittered. He had no inclination to question their right to his obedience and submission; even when urged to do so, he never thought of leaving his Order. Nor can there be the slightest doubt of his loyalty, as inward as it was dutiful, to his Church. He wrote: "In these days it is here in Rome that we find the Christic pole of the earth; through Rome, I mean, runs the ascending axis of hominization."

To be sure, Teilhard was freely critical of the actual Church, which he thought had still too much of the "Neolithic" in its superstitions and cultic practices. But as Speaight observes, nothing that he said privately or publicly was left unsaid at the Second Vatican Council, and much that he spoke for has now found its way into that Council's declarations and decrees. Today, Teilhard assumes his proper place among the Catholic avant-garde, and his work will give increasing direction and momentum to the ecclesiastical reformation already under way.

But will his breathtaking synthesis of scientific and religious insights have a wider, more enduring human influence? What future is there for his vision of the global future as a convergence of mankind into a thinking organism (the "Noosphere") united by love and tending toward its Omega point (identified with the Pauline "Christ, in whom all things cohere")? For many, the pertinent question will be whether we can learn and profit from Teilhard's conviction of an ultimate consummation without sharing his rhapsodic optimism in the face of social malaise and corporate evil. Perhaps his ultimate contribution will prove to be his staunch persuasion that, however broken or partial our perceptions of it may be, truth is finally and benignly one.

Notes on Contributors

James MacGregor Burns *is Professor of Political Science at Williams College.* Roger Hazelton *is Abbot Professor of Christian Theology at Andover Newton Theological School.* Donald W. Treadgold *is Professor of Russian History at the University of Washington.* Michael Zwerin *writes a regular music column for the* Village Voice.

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Ehrenburg's Partial Truth

by Donald W. Treadgold

The third and final volume of the English version of Ehrenburg's memoirs deals with the last years of Stalin and the first two years of the "thaw," a period which Ehrenburg himself christened by writing a novel with that title. The whole work, whose Russian title may be translated *Men, Years – Life,* is the third autobiographical venture of Ehrenburg's. The first was a sketch that appeared in the Berlin journal *The New Russian Book* in 1922; the second was in the form of a novel, *A Book For Adults,* published in 1936 in the USSR. In the latter Ehrenburg writes, "I speak only the truth, but of course I do not speak all the truth – I am still alive, as are also the people with whom my fate has been bound." Probably before then and certainly by the time he wrote the memoirs, not speaking all the truth had become a habit. Some rather important corners of his life remain in the shadows.

Ilya Ehrenburg:
Post-War Years, 1945-1954
Trans. by Tatiana Shebunina in collaboration with Yvonne Kapp
(World; $6.50)

He was born in 1891 in Kiev, into a Jewish family which was reasonably well off, and was reared in Moscow from the age of five. During the Revolution of 1905, at fourteen, he helped build barricades. It is not clear whether he entered the revolutionary movement as a Bolshevik or a Socialist Revolutionary, but at any rate he became a Bolshevik very early. He was several times in tsarist jails before leaving for Paris at 17. There he made immediate contact with Lenin and reported to him on the Bolshevik cause in the Ukraine. He spent nine years in France, and became swept up almost at once into the artistic community, moving away from radical politics. In July 1917, after the Tsar had been overthrown but several months before the Bolsheviks took power, he returned to Russia. He may have compromised himself by accepting or even supporting the whites during the Civil War. In a volume of verse published in 1918 he wrote (The translations are by John Roger Shaw, from an unpublished PhD dissertation):

O Lord, Thy great land
Lies sodden, naked!
She wished a little cheer from her grief
And made merry, stumbled, lies now in the muck . . .
Let her expiate with ardent toil
Those years of hell . . .
For Russia,
O Lord, hear our prayer.

The theistic and, in the context, Christian phraseology should not be taken very seriously; he adopted it easily, as later under different circumstances he did the phraseology of Marxism-Leninism. His own reactions are perhaps shown more clearly in another verse of the same year:

I'm very, very sorry
That I survived my folly
An unexploded shell
Still lies in the flower bed.

In 1921 Ehrenburg returned to Western Europe, apparently remaining in Berlin until 1923. During this period he wrote his best book, *The Extraordinary Adventures of Julio Jurenito,* which critics have compared to *Candide.* It is climaxed by an Ehrenburgian version of *The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor* in which a thinly disguised Lenin declares: "We are leading humanity to a better future." Some are interfering: "We must eliminate them, killing one for the salvation of a thousand." Others are sluggish: "We drive them forward, drive them into paradise with iron whips." But the satire breaks through: After hearing Lenin, Jurenito solemnly kisses his brow, specifically invoking the precedent of Dostoevsky and remarking: "I always respect the traditions of a country."

Ehrenburg visited the USSR in 1924 and several times thereafter. By 1928 he was collaborating actively with the Soviet regime, though he continued to travel a good deal and was abroad much of the time. When the war came to Russia he produced a steady stream of anti-German articles, interrupted by a criticism in *Pravda* in the spring of 1945 called "Comrade Ehrenburg Exaggerates" – the USSR's chief wartime propagandist had completed his task. About the Germans' past and present, too, he had told part of the truth.

In *Post-War Years* there is nothing mischievous, and little anguish or self-doubt. Ehrenburg writes of his foreign travels: He visited a Lions Club in Mississippi and heard the Lions roar; he watched the defendants squirm at Nuremberg when confronted with evidence of their crimes; he went to China to present a Stalin Peace Prize to Mme. Sun Yat-sen. He took some part in state affairs: making no pretense that he was deputy in more than name to the Soviet of Nationalities from Latvia, he is proud of having scrounged a few busses for the town of Engels (formerly the center of the Volga Germans whom Stalin wiped out) when he later became its deputy to the RSFSR Supreme Soviet. Much of the volume is taken up with personal vignettes: Picasso, indifferent to Raphael, was ecstatic on seeing the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel; Joliot-Curie insisted on talking to him about death before breakfast; Vlado Clementis and he had heart-to-heart talks not long before Clementis was executed; the Turkish communist poet Nazim Hikmet was

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Mary Carnwath works and lives two thousand miles away, in Manhattan. Her own daughter is now grown-up, and through *Save the Children Federation* she is sponsoring one of the village girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three children, one grandmother and a sister-in-law) live tightly packed in a tiny rock and mud house. The father who knows ranch work but can't find any most of the year, isn't able to provide the family with even the bare necessities.

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

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will produce enough money to end the Hopi's need for help. That is what Save the Children is all about.

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unhappy with the deification of Stalin, but remained a good party member. Solomon Mikhoels, the great Jewish actor, was murdered, and Jewish culture in Russia was destroyed. Where was Ehrenburg? Sitting waiting to be arrested, until in desperation he telephoned Malenkov and begged that Stalin either do away with him or leave him alone; the result was the lifting of the cloud over his head.

In the earlier part of this book Ehrenburg steps outside the bounds of orthodoxy. He brands the Marxist explanation of fascism as insufficient; he concludes that there will be no revolution in America "in the foreseeable future." As he comes to the terrible period of the early 1950's, he is more cautious. Several times he confesses his hesitation, his difficulties, in writing a given chapter. With the writing of *The Thaw*, he stops the volume, and his memoirs.

Ehrenburg is now gone – he died in 1967 – along with most of the writers and artists with whom he frolicked in Paris and Berlin when he was young, the millions of victims of Stalin whose fate he feared he might share, and Stalin himself. Before Ehrenburg died Western writers produced reams of moral castigation of him for selling himself to the Stalin regime; he himself writes, "they cannot forgive me for having stayed alive." There seems little point in adding to those mountains of adverse judgment. It is unequivocally clear that Ehrenburg cared about Stalin's victims, at least the intellectuals and for all I know the last helpless, anonymous peasant; he did not care enough to protest openly or even resign his official positions; and I have no doubt that he punished himself endlessly during his own lifetime for his moral weakness. The spectacle of the writer of *Julio Jurenito* in harness for a third of a century to the Muscovite bureaucracy of Stalin and his successors is probably one that tortured most of all the man who beheld it in the mirror.

MUSIC

Fancy Rock

The music called rock is the most vital, valid and interesting music of our time. Until recently I doubted this proposition and perhaps feared the ridicule of some friends, but now the evidence is all in its favor.

The Agony of Modern Music, written in 1955 by Henry Pleasance, begins:

> "Serious music is a dead art. The vein which for three hundred years offered a seemingly inexhaustible yield of beautiful music has run out. What we know as modern music is the noise made by deluded speculators picking through the slagpile."

Pleasance thought the relevant evolution was in American popular music and jazz, despite the conventional notion that "serious" music is by definition superior to all others. Since then jazz has begun to suffer many of the same communication problems. It is fast becoming just as snobbish and inbred – nothing if not serious. "Serious" music continues to be composed, performed, listened to and discussed by an element of society which refuses to recognize its own isolation. New music which cannot excite the enthusiastic response of the lay listener has no claim to his indulgence because, contrary to popular belief, all music which now survives in the standard repertoire was popular in its own time. Modern "serious" music is attempting to perpetuate a European musical tradition whose technical resources are worn out. Serious musicians cannot break from this tradition without renouncing the special status they enjoy, and are therefore in serious trouble.

Paul Hindemith stated the problem:

> "Our modern music, compared with the music of earlier times, has

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reached a very high level of complexity. An individual composer, aware of this fact, usually wants to contribute his share to the presumed progress of music, and thereupon he adds complications of his own – complications of technique which will eventually fracture the framework set up by the physical conditions of style which, in their ultimate esoteric loneliness, are bound to reach the borderline of unintelligible enigmas."

Elvis Presley, the Everly Brothers and people like them brought Negro music ("soul") out from underground when their white versions hit the big charts in the fifties. Then Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Ray Charles and, recently, the late Otis Redding were allowed to emerge from the ranks of the invisible. The Rolling Stones, the Beatles and others made no secret of their admiration for soul music; they stole from it. The old story: white kids appropriating colored kids' dances. But this was different. They added on to it; rebuilt, remodeled and repainted it to the point where the original foundation is disappearing. Now Jimi Hendrix has turned it around by taking the white electronic/psychedelic superstructure and building his own super-soul penthouse on top.

Folk rock, raga rock, baroque rock, Bach rock, jazz rock – popular music is no longer simple. A troubadour (Donovan), an Indian (Ravi Shankar), and a poet (Leonard Cohen), have all become pop stars. Very strange.

While "serious" composers sweat over their computers and "chance" music, while jazzmen pontificate about exotic time signatures and ethnic combinations, the Beatles, without artistic fanfare, make millions out of "All You Need is Love" in 7/4 time and "Good Morning, Good Morning" in 5/4, make the sitar a standard sound on radio and make it possible for someone like James Guercio to include an "electronic collage" in the teenybopper hit "Susan."

Rock is verbal, tuneful, visual, rhythmic and communicative – a combination which is putting everybody else out of business. The beat, the dancing, is the key. (In France, rock is called "beat.") Harmonic, melodic or verbal sophistication wouldn't sell without that simple-minded physical pulse on the bottom. One. One. One. As long as that's there, anything else goes. Put Bach, Stravinsky, John Coltrane or T. S. Eliot above it and millions listen. But with increasing sophistication, rock musicians are also getting more adventurous, more subjective and closer to that "borderline of unintelligible enigmas."

The repeated "one" is becoming four, five, seven or is even getting free of time. Drummers are playing more complicated breaks. Guitarists stretch further away from the melody and tonality. Electronic interludes are getting longer and further out. Pop music may even have given birth to a new medium: music produced solely for recording, as distinct from a live performance as a film is from a stage play. The Beatles' "Seargent Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" was not the first recording to combine the studio with extended forms and a rock beat – "Pet Sounds" by the Beach Boys has that credit – but it is the most complete and successful. So far, anyway; others are following in droves.

James William Guercio manages, produces, conducts and arranges for a schlock-rock group called the Buckinghams. Under his direction they are getting less schlock. But their music is really his, excluding the hits ("Kind of a Drag," "Susan"), which are banal enough to support it. Guercio was born in Chicago twenty-two years ago. He went to DePauw University "hoping to be the leading composer of the 20th century. I always considered that was my function. But when I got into college I discovered the vocabulary wasn't there anymore. There's nothing wrong with rules – it's just a question of where they take you. When Kennedy was killed, I split from school, long hair and all. I'd been playing string bass with the symphony – all my background was legitimate. Completely legitimate, man. I went through college teaching guitar rather than playing pop gigs. I knew nothing about pop music until I left school and went on the road with Dick Clark, backing up almost every act in show business on bass guitar.

"For awhile, I thought a lot about jazz, trying to give it some kind of commercial meaning. Sure there's Getz

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and Miles Davis and all the mechanicals who sell a lot of albums. But there's no center to it, no criteria.

"Let's see . . . I'm trying to give you a motive – to tell you why I'm involved, why I ended up having to be a manager and a producer. These are exciting times. I see pop music as one of the most constructive forces in our civilization. I think it was Sartre who said that movies would become an art form as soon as the equipment and facilities to make them became available to everybody, as available as pencil and paper. That's what is happening with pop music and that's why I'm involved with it – despite the rotten nature of the business."

As a specific instrument, the bass guitar has probably undergone the greatest evolution, a symptom of the substantial evolution of rock itself. First marketed by the Fender Corporation in the fifties, it was a bastard instrument guitar or bass players switched to occasionally. This isn't so easy anymore and with the top groups it is becoming completely impossible. Too much technique is required.

The breaking up of the strict, rhythmic bass line began at Motown in Detroit and Stax/Volt in Memphis when they started mixing the bass at a higher level. It became more exposed and soon more elaborate – horizontal and free. Paul McCartney synthesized it. (The Beatles are milestones in so many ways.) Guerico says: "I learned bass from Beatles' albums. McCartney was the first to really get the linear bass line in rock together. McCartney did so much; I can't tell you how much he did to change the instrument."

Bob Mosely is recognized as one of the strongest bass guitar players around. He is twenty-five, grew up around California beaches, wears beads and his blonde hair is long. Now he plays with a group called Moby Grape. I told him how I felt about the simple beat being essential, and that the loosening of the bass line, while interesting, could mean a serious loss of audience. He doesn't agree; "Have you seen the new dancing? It's coming right along with the music; getting to be really free-form or – what do you call it – interpretive dancing. As an individual you can pick what you want to follow. You can dance to the bass line, a guitar line, a drum figure or all of them together. Your hands can become the guitar, your head the bass, your feet the drums and so on. As the music gets better and more complicated, the dancing will too."

Since talking to Mosely and Guercio, I've spent a lot of time listening to rock records – particularly the Beatles – with the bass turned way up. There's a lot there, a lot I never heard before, even on records with which I'm familiar. On the slow portion of "A Day in the Life," (Sergeant Pepper) for example, McCartney's line moves tastefully, nothing spectacular but going to unexpected places with imagination. It has a lot to do with the general feeling of the piece, although he doesn't club you with it – it is a secondary line after all. In general, McCartney isn't particularly adventurous either harmonically or rhythmically, but his sound is smooth, the level is just right, the musical material perfect for the setting. I consider him artistic.

Since "Sergeant Pepper" was released last spring, other groups have been

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getting away with electronic collages, ambitious, sometimes pompous, instrumentation and extended forms. Bass-guitar players have taken to flying all over their Fenders, filling every available hole and some that aren't there. Excess is not unknown in rock. But the musicianship is certainly improving and the best are getting better. Rock is searching, uneven and often juvenile. But it is not stagnant and it is rarely dull.

Last week the top three albums on *Billboard* magazine's chart were "Magical Mystery Tour" by the Beatles, The Stones' "Their Satanic Majesties Request," and Bob Dylan's "John Wesley Harding." Any form, (dare I say "art" form?) in which the best is also the most popular has got to be healthy.

Where will it all lead? Probably toward a less physical music, to the concert hall, to the "borderline of unintelligible enigmas." Super stars no longer play their music for dancing and it is, in fact, fast getting less danceable. Even second echelon groups like Moby Grape mostly play concerts. No doubt, we will soon hear a concerto for rock band and symphony orchestra. And then "pop" music may no longer be popular.

MICHAEL ZWERIN

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

The Missing Ingredient

Sirs:

I am afraid the writer of "The Newark Riot Report's Missing Ingredient" (March 2) either did not read the report on which he is commenting or skipped its first and longest chapter. He says that the report "backed away from a discussion of the political reality" and "overlooks the power imbalance in Newark." In fact, that first long chapter is titled "The Political Framework" and zeroes in precisely on this subject. The writer further demonstrates his hasty or selective reading when he writes that, "Maybe the Governor should have sent the Commission into the white ghetto, too." At the very outset, "The Political Framework" summarizes the results of an open survey which was undertaken in the white and Negro communities and which illustrates the polarization of attitudes between the two, with specific answers to specific questions.

As to discussion of the political reality, the report cites the Addonizio administration's pointing with pride to the number of Negroes appointed to high positions and then adds:

> "Negroes point out, however, that the issue is not simply how many black people are appointed to or hold high positions, but whether the administration as a whole is responsive to the black community and whether Negroes in office are permitted to exercise independent judgment."

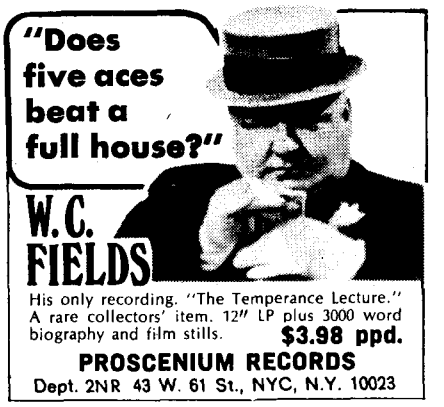
This and related issues have been discussed extensively, concentrating on those aspects of Newark's politics which in testimony and interviews with Negro residents and leaders were found to be in the forefront of community concern. As to practical suggestions, the second of 99 recommendations in the entire book says:

> "To help relieve the feeling of Negro powerlessness, both political parties should support the emergence of more Negro candidates and should encourage active participation of Negroes of all economic levels in the political process. In any reorganization of the governmental structure, care should be taken to achieve districting with a makeup that will provide opportunity for adequate Negro representation. Efforts to reapportion or redistrict should avoid gerrymandering that favors whites and districts should so be arranged as to give areas with a heavy nonwhite population an opportunity to be responsively represented."

The writer also presents a grossly slanted picture of the report's discussion of Newark's Police Department. It does not mention those key parts which analyze assignment and disciplinary procedures, community relations problems and a host of other issues. The recommendation for assignment of black officers to precinct command posts is not mentioned and the proposal for a review board made up of civilians to process complaints is glossed over.

If this report did one thing that previous reports of this nature have not done, it is to discuss the political realities of an urban center which formed the backdrop for the riot. This is what makes Ralph Whitehead's charge that the Select Commission "backed away" from such a discussion so glaringly inaccurate and unfair.

Robert Goldmann
Deputy Director
Governor's Select Commission
To Study Civil Disorder
Newark, N. J.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Senator Hatfield

Sirs:

As a liberal Republican who agrees with much of what *The New Republic* says, I was particularly pleased to see two generally complimentary articles that have recently appeared in *NR's* pages concerning Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Senator Mark Hatfield.

But reader Charles F. Hinkle (Correspondence February 24) just can't stand it that you praised Republican Hatfield who, 12 years ago, was elected over a hard-working Democratic Party functionary in Oregon. Without a word about Hatfield's excellent subsequent record or his courageous position on such issues as the war and the draft, Hinkle accuses Hatfield of the

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heinous crimes of "innuendo" and of ignoring his opponent's virtues. Hinkle also assailed Hatfield's "Baptist piety."

Say we accept the allegation that Hatfield used the old political techniques of innuendo and non-praise on his 1956 opponent. Similar techniques have been used by virtually all political aspirants.... Hatfield himself was the victim of a smear campaign authored by Wayne Morse just prior to the 1958 Oregon gubernatorial race. And in the 1966 senatorial campaign, Hatfield's super-hawk Democratic opponent, Robert Duncan, implied the governor was pro-Mao. . . .

Too many "sophisticated" liberals have completely swallowed the myth that a small-state Christian Republican "can't be good." Were Hatfield a live-it-up urban Democrat, it is certain he would be praised by The Aware as a "courageous young statesman" and readers like Hinkle would not be forced to search for dubious flaws such as "Baptist piety.". . .

Lloyd H. Flem
Berkeley, Calif.

At risk of seeming ungracious to Mr. Charles Hinkle of New York, whose letter discussed, most favorably to me, some events of Oregon political history, I must dissent from certain strictures he invokes on US Senator Mark Hatfield relating to the election of 1956. In that year Mark Hatfield defeated me in a close (51-to-49 percent) race. We both fought hard to win. In perspective this seems to me an excellent example of a hot political battle fought without slander or rancor. I wonder if Mr. Hinkle has confused some details with other races in other years.

It is easy for me to agree with Mr. Hinkle that Oregonians might indeed have done better back in 1956, but I can't believe they were misled by unfair tactics. In my years in the Oregon Senate following 1956 while Mark Hatfield was Governor, and more recently while he has been US Senator, we have enjoyed an open and congenial relationship. This would not have been possible had I felt he had cheated in 1956.

Of course I agree with Mr. Hinkle that the effective liberalism of Oregon Democracy in the 1940s and '50s, which gave the nation Senators Dick and Maurine Neuberger, Senator Morse and a spate of important congressmen, also forced Oregon Republicans to bring on more moderate conservatives if they hoped to win. Governor Tom McCall, Senator Hatfield, and Congressman John Dellenback are products of this impact. With few exceptions the fighting in Oregon has been fair – devoid of the carnage and calumny which discredits, for instance, California politics.

Monroe Sweetland
Burlingame, California

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Campus Recruiting

Sirs:

Is the limitation of recruiting by off campus groups such as Dow and the CIA an issue of academic freedom? Henry Steele Commager (February 24) has passionately denied that academic freedom is involved, but others have just as passionately affirmed that it is. . . . One cannot decide such an issue by *a priori* definition, on grounds of subjective feeling, or by threats of violence.

Professor Commager overlooks the fact that education for a career has been an historic function of universities and colleges, from the earliest training for the professions, law, medicine, and the ministry, down to the present. A central role of education is the preparation for jobs and careers. Most graduate professors would be considered indifferent if they did not assist their students in locating positions elsewhere and they consider it the mark of a good graduate program if they are able to do so. They spend hours writing letters of recommendation and arranging for interviews. Students are keenly concerned with subjects to major in and careers to pursue; and the campuses have traditionally provided information on career opportunities, whether by means of the library, guidance counselors, and placement offices, or outside recruiters. Students want to consult with several representatives from industry, the professions, the government, or the armed services before they decide on a career. Recruiting thus has a double function: (a) it imparts knowledge for those who want it, and (b) it may assist in the hiring process. To restrict recruiters on campuses is to deny at least the right to knowledge and the free use thereof. . . .

In a sense a form of recruiting is involved in many other activities in the University: clubs, organizations, religious and political organizations recruit members, including those on the campus who oppose the draft and seek financial support for the NLF and North Vietnam. Even the teaching process itself involves a type of "recruiting!" Socrates was condemned to death by the Athenians among other things for subverting the youth of Athens by "recruiting" for his point of view. Where do you draw the line between imparting knowledge and recruiting for a career, way of life, political or moral position?

Clearly many who are appalled by the Vietnam war and the napalming of innocent women and children (including this writer) claim that their moral conscience requires them to oppose recruiting by groups such as Dow and the CIA. (To be consistent this ban would have to apply to the whole military-industrial complex and to most of, the activities of the University, which are implicated in some way in the war.) Yet one may ask of Professor Commager what of the *moral consciences* of those who are committed to the principle of academic freedom and an open campus? Are *their*

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moral consciences to be considered inferior and not to have the protection of the University? Those who are offended by CIA and Dow have every right to protest, but do they have the right to suppress the rights of those who are likewise following the dictates of their consciences? . . . . Will those who protest in the name of a genuine concern for peace also strike at the foundations of the University – and in so doing perhaps pave the way for possible future intolerance from those on the right, who may also claim as they, the right to limit the University, since "academic freedom is not involved" and what occurs "offends their moral conscience?"

Paul W. Kurtz
State University of New York
Buffalo

How Lindsay Did It

Sirs:

It is intriguing to read in Morris Renek's review (March 2) that Oliver Pilat detected a "whiff of racism" in William Buckley's campaign and then goes on to describe Buckley as playing "the classic stereotype of the unenlightened Irishman" and a "Catholic Stepin Fetchit." Racism and bigotry is a matter of definition, naturally, and it all depends on which circles you hang out in. Since anti-Irish-Catholicism is highly respectable in the circles Mr. Pilat (and Mr. Renek) belong to, why hide behind a "classic stereotype." *Whose* classic stereotype, kind sirs.

Ann Muldoon
New York, N.Y.

Spock-Coffin Case

Sirs:

I do not wish to criticize Alexander M. Bickel (March 2) for not doing what he did not intend to do in his analysis of the free-speech aspects of the Spock-Coffin case. I do wish, however, that he had provided some political view of the case, for its verdict, its causes, and its results can hardly be understood within the confines of the law. Indeed, one wonders if his apparently optimistic conclusions about the law can be borne out in the courts of a nation at war.

I would dwell on only one question: to what extent does the decision to prosecute Coffin, Spock and the others – taken together with a number of other recent decisions related to the draft – express a distinct *political* policy? It may well be that the Administration has largely written off the intellectual, university community and has decided to move toward crushing those sanctuaries of dissent in the universities. If this is the case – and one can muster a good deal of evidence to support it – the only adequate defense for these men, and the others who will surely follow, is the broadening and deepening of opposition to the war.

At any rate, in part as a demonstration of unity with the five, and in part to carry forward the political "defense," RESIST is organizing Academic Days of Conscience on April 15-16 on some 1,000 campuses around the country. The form of these events will differ from place to place, but we hope all will involve a commemorative service for the dead (appropriate to the Easter-Passover-war tax season). On some campuses, at least, the event will take the form of a mock court in which the legal issues of the war, draft, and conscience, which as Mr. Bickel quite rightly says are not likely to be allowed in the Boston defense, will be raised. Readers interested in participating in or helping organize these events can be in touch with Resist at Room 4, 763 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

Paul Lauter
Antioch-Putney
Graduate School

At issue in the Spock-Coffin case is what powers the President has with regard to the rights of citizens.

In the Steel Seizure case of the Korean war (Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co. *et al. v* Sawyer) the Supreme Court, in a 6-3 decision, prohibited President Truman from seizing a strike-bound steel plant on the ground that such powers – the President had relied on his powers as Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of the United States and his powers as Chief Executive – could not be employed in a war that Congress had not declared.

In a concurring opinion, Mr. Justice Jackson said:

"Nothing in our Constitution is plainer than that declaration of a war is entrusted only to Congress. Of course, a state of war may in fact exist without a formal declaration. But no doctrine that the court could promulgate would seem to me more sinister and alarming than that a President whose conduct of foreign affairs is so largely uncontrolled, and often even is unknown, can vastly enlarge his mastery over the internal affairs of the country by his own commitment of the nation's armed forces to some foreign venture."

The question the Supreme Court has to answer is whether the President, in a war undeclared by Congress, has more power to draft men than he has to draft property rights in a similar situation.

Scott Schreiber
Bates College

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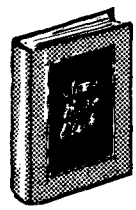

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